

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Volume XXV. }

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CCXLIII. }

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FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCXLIII.



## THE "SELF-ASSERTION" OF JESUS.

### I.

In two recent articles in this *Review* the endeavor was made to show that by a convergence of many different intellectual forces the thought of the Christian Church had been led to give new prominence to the historical personality and teaching of its Founder, and that, as the consequence of this, a new form of the Christian synthesis was emerging from the prolonged period of analysis characteristic of the past century, which was peculiarly adapted to the moral and spiritual crisis of the age. The central ideas of the historical teaching of Jesus were stated to be three:—the Fatherhood of God, His own necessary place as Mediator of the new filial life, and the Kingdom of God. In the discussion of the social and international outlook, emphasis was laid upon the moral and spiritual value of the third of these ideas, the Kingdom of God. It is, however, impossible to separate that idea from the other two. The entire teaching is an organic whole, and none of the three ideas can be fully understood without the others. We ask, for instance, how we are to conceive of the

Kingdom of God. Is it simply that "one far-off Divine Event, to which the whole creation moves" under the guiding influence of the Providence of God and the universally indwelling influence of the Divine Spirit, and which has always and everywhere been present in promise and in potency throughout the world? In that case we are under no necessity of thinking of Jesus as essential to the Kingdom in any other sense save that in which any of the great moral and spiritual leaders of humanity are essential to it, for as it in principle existed before Him, so it may in principle exist where His name and His influence have never penetrated. Or are we to conceive of the Kingdom of God as having a definite beginning in History, as having been actually founded by Jesus, as being still organically related to Him, and as being to-day a Divine Economy of grace moving onward through human history as the Gulf Stream moves within the chill Atlantic, or as the great world of organic life moves on in all its splendor and beauty amid the inorganic order? Here are two quite distinct conceptions, and

we can only determine which of them was the Idea of Jesus by passing from the Idea of the Kingdom of God to that which He held concerning His own Vocation, just as eventually we can only understand that latter Idea by passing on to His primary Idea of the Divine Fatherhood. That primary Idea underlies our present discussion, but cannot be directly treated of within its limits. I shall confine myself here simply to the way in which Jesus conceived His own Vocation in the Kingdom of God.

The interpretation of the Personality of Jesus is the storm centre of the theological controversy of the present day, as it was of the first Christian centuries. Almost everything in our construction of Christian thought, it is felt, depends on the foundation on which we build, and the sense of the importance of this primordial problem has given rise to many theories of that Personality. But, broadly regarded, all these theories may be grouped in one or other of two classes. One of these we may, without further hesitation, call the Humanitarian; the other, for want of a better name, we may, in the meantime, call the Transcendent. By that latter name I mean to indicate the view that underlies both the great traditional views of Sacerdotalism and Evangelicalism, using the latter term in the broad sense in which it is used on the Continent. At the heart of Evangelicalism and Sacerdotalism alike there lies the conviction that, negatively, the Personality of Jesus is inexplicable in terms of ordinary human and historical life alone, and, positively, that in Him in a unique fashion God has drawn nearer to men, and through Him has established new relations with them which are as truly unique as is the Personality of His Son. This great common ground of traditional interpretation of the Personality of Jesus will, I trust, define itself more clearly

as we proceed with our study of the problem.

The Humanitarian view is familiar to all who are acquainted not only with the scientific theology, but with the general culture of the age, for it has, at the present moment, the *Zeit Geist* on its side. It teaches that Jesus Christ is simply the summit spirit of Humanity, the highest interpreter of the great unchanging, spiritual environment of the soul, and of the laws of that soul itself. Such an interpreter may be compared with a discoverer in natural science. A scientific discoverer penetrates more deeply into the secrets of the vast Cosmos than did his predecessors, but he does not change that environing world by one iota, he simply explains it. The order which he expounds was always there, the tangle and confusion were simply in the mind of man, and the total effect of the scientific discoverer is upon that struggling human mind alone. His task is to bring thought into juster and truer relations with the unchanging environment. It is after this fashion, and, perhaps, to some extent, unconsciously under the influence of this analogy that our age tends to conceive of all the great moral and spiritual teachers of the race. On this view they are, one and all, simply pioneer discoverers of the unchanging and inviolable spiritual ground and order of the world. All the change which such spiritual teachers stand for or effect is within the souls of men. By the action of such teachers the human soul and the social organism become more intimately adapted to the standing spiritual order, or are brought into closer fellowship with its mysterious Source. Where that Source is conceived of as personal and free, this general view is in two respects modified. First as human character rises under the influence of religion, God is conceived of as meeting the advance with answering approval and increas-

ing love, and in this mediate fashion the great religious teacher may be viewed as effecting a change in the spiritual environment of the soul. Or, again, the Humanitarian Theist, like Dr. Martineau, may say that all human discovery in the moral and spiritual sphere is due to divine revelation, which is conditioned by and proportional to the moral progress of the seer. God's revelation lies round every man, he would say, like a besieging sea. Human aspiration, prayer and striving lift the sluices and let the ocean in. It is at this point that Humanitarianism approaches nearest to the traditional view,<sup>1</sup> but it does so, it appears to me, at the expense of taking up elements alien to its true genius, for if we admit the presence of a transcendent, intervening Divine Agency coming in from without into the individual life at all, we are already in principle carried beyond the modern world view with its rooted objection to miracle, and its conception of everything human as explicable in terms of evolution and uniformity. Yet Dr. Martineau is at one with other Humanitarians in denying that Christ is anything more than the supreme Interpreter of the one uniform spiritual Environment and of Him who is its Source, the highest of the great series of Founders of Religion, the man who has been led farthest up the Mount of Vision into the zone of morning light. Such, in outline, is the Humanitarian explanation of the Personality of Jesus.

The question now immediately before us is this: Does the theory afford an adequate explanation of the primitive Christian consciousness, or of the self-consciousness of Christ, as we may

reach them by fair use of the Epistles and the Gospels?

It is, clearly, to a great extent out of harmony with the everyday Christian life and thought of the Churches as we know them. It is true that Humanitarianism, in its Theistic form, has much in common with such teaching and life. It shares with them their belief in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Law of Self Sacrifice for the Common Good, and the Immortality of the Soul. But there is one element, at least, in the Traditional teaching which it is unable to assimilate, and that is what it believes to be an exaggerated estimate of the Personality of Jesus. In his famous "Address to Divinity Students," in the year 1838, Emerson gave striking expression to this revolt. "In this point of view," he says, referring to the Divine nature of the human soul, "we become very sensible of the first defect of historical Christianity. Historical Christianity has fallen into the error that corrupts all attempts to communicate religion. As it appears to us, and as it has appeared for ages, it is not the doctrine of the soul, but an exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual. It has dwelt, it dwells with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus. The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love. But by this Eastern monarchy of a Christianity, which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the injurer of man. The manner in which his name is surrounded with expressions which were once sallies of admiration and love but

<sup>1</sup> There is, of course, great variety of standpoint within the general Humanitarian view, as there is also within the Transcendent. The right wing of the former approaches the left wing of the latter. The beautiful Eirenicon with which Dr. Drummond closes the series of "Hibbert Lectures" and some things which Dr. Martineau has said in his less controversial

writings approximate to certain forms of the Transcendent view. None the less the distinction between Christ as simply Interpreter, and Christ as Interpreter and Mediator, between Christ as simply Revealer of new truth about God and the moral order, and Christ as "God manifest in the flesh" seems to me deep and vital

are now petrified into official titles, kills all generous sympathy and liking." Through many pages of this brilliant address Emerson reiterates his thought with a force of expression which shows how profound was his revolt alike from the orthodoxy and from the Unitarianism of his day, which at that time, in this respect, stood much closer to orthodoxy than is at present the case. Now as a simple historical fact it cannot be denied that that element in Christian thought, against which Emerson protests as foreign to its true genius, dates back from a very early period in its story. We can go back at once to the first Christian centuries, and say of their controversies and creeds, as of their devotional writings and hymns and ritual, that from his point of view they "dwell with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." There is not one of the centuries, not the simplest and earliest, to which this criticism does not apply, not one of them in which the Humanitarian view could live and move within the Church without a painful sense of oppression and rebellion. Still further, if we pass back from the ages of Christological discussion and creed-making into the vital and genetic period of Christianity, the age of the New Testament Epistles, we find that the same thing is true here also. Scientific exegesis has long ago broken down the earlier Humanitarian endeavor to prove itself in line with Apostolic Christianity. It is true, of course, that we find in the Epistles no such clear and dogmatic expositions as we find in the Nicene, Athanasian and Chalcedonian Creeds. What we do find, however, is that these Epistles everywhere express and suggest those questions which the Creeds answer in terms of the philosophic thought of their time. It is absolutely incontestable and indubitable that from Emerson's point of view the Apostolic writ-

ings "dwell with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." Their thought, indeed, is always circling around this theme, returning to it ever and again, and, Anteus-like, deriving new strength and boldness from its return to its ground. It does not, in fact, appear as if this element were a "noxious" and alien ingredient of their thought at all, but rather as if it were something primitive and vital.

We carry our inquiry a stage further, therefore, and pass up into that mysterious *annus mirabilis* of Christianity in which such mighty spiritual forces were awakening in obscurity and silence, and whose records are found in the Gospels. Do these records sustain Emerson's protest? Is the Jesus whom they depict such as Humanitarians believe Him to be? Up to a certain point we may gladly admit that He is, and that they have done the common cause invaluable service by bringing this human element into new light and prominence. This is the great and conspicuous service that Humanitarianism has rendered to historical Christianity. Its protest has been needed as an element in the thought of Christendom, and as a "reagent" its services have been invaluable. But as its contribution has been made and absorbed, it has, to my thinking, become increasingly clear that this solution is far too bare and simple to account for the riches of the Personality of Jesus Christ. On that view, as we have seen, He is simply an interpreter of the standing spiritual order, a prophet of the great truths of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Law of Love. Now, if such be His sole function, plainly the only morally fitting attitude on His part must be to use every resource of the teacher to make these priceless truths luminous and imperative to His disciples, and then to stand back and let their light shine upon them.

We recognize that this is the true attitude of the man of science in proclaiming the truths which he has discovered. Why is it that we feel that the whole story of the discovery of the Origin of Species is so honorable to both Wallace and Darwin? Is it not just because there was no petty self-assertive wrangling between the two great thinkers as to priority of discovery. We feel that here there was a moral greatness shown that befitted the greatness of the occasion. We feel that this is the true tone of Science, to be so impressed by the greatness and majesty of truth that there is no place for personal claims. So, too, it is a note of moral greatness in practical affairs when for some great cause a man is willing to be despised and forgotten. A recent writer<sup>2</sup> has put the matter admirably: "There are qualities such as hypocrisy, altogether irreconcilable with virtue, destructive of it in every sense; there are others, and obtrusive self-appreciation is one, irreconcilable with the *highest* virtue. We are thrilled by Danton's cry: 'Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre'; 'let my name be blighted: let France be free,' because it strikes the note of self-forgetfulness. Whether genuine for him or not, we say, 'that is the tone in which men should speak; this indifference to personal interest, this absorption in the service of a cause.' "

Not otherwise is it with the great moral and religious teachers of human history. Who can imagine Socrates making his own personality the centre of his teaching? He has too shrewd a measure of his own limitations, and, I may add, too keen a sense of humor to be guilty of such a moral lapse. Yet how mighty was the personal influence which came to him unsought. He is, in this respect, a hero of the true Hu-

manitarian type. It is a figure of this kind, but with a deeper insight and a more tender sympathy, that Humanitarians wish to find in the Gospels. So, too, the dying Buddha said<sup>3</sup> to his disciples, ere he passed away to his Nirvana: "It may be, Ananda, that in some of you the thought may arise: The words of our Teacher are ended; we have lost our Master. But it is not thus. The truths and the rules of the Order which I have taught and preached, let these be your teacher when I am gone." The personality had passed away into Nirvana for ever, but the truth remained.

It may be said, however, that the man of science and the prophet are not on the same footing as regards their power of enforcing the truths which it is their mission to proclaim. The man of science can summon to his aid the accepted principles of logic, and can force conviction on every open mind by argument and evidence. But the prophet moves in a different sphere. He gains his new truth, not by reasoning by which he can convince others, but by insight, which cannot be imparted by any logical process to his followers. Hence, unlike the man of science, he must speak authoritatively, must use the full weight of his life and personality in forcing his truth home on dull and unenlightened hearts. The distinction is a true one. We may readily admit that the spiritual teacher must speak with an authority that would be unnecessary and unbecoming in a teacher of Science. He is the spokesman of an imperative law, and his message is not simply to the intelligence but to the conscience and heart of his hearers. Now in both the cases just cited, the case of Socrates and the case of Gautama, these teachers, it may fairly be said, were as much akin to the man of science as to the prophet.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Forrest's "The Christ of History and Experience," p. 57. 1st Edition.

<sup>3</sup> Monier Williams' "Buddhism."



The Athenian sage believed that all sin was due to ignorance, and that the truths which he taught were to be learned by dialectic. The Buddha also taught that evil was due to illusion, and his life work, as viewed by him, was not so much the taking away of guilt as the dispelling of misery by the destruction of illusion.

A closer analogy, in this particular respect, to Jesus, it may further be argued, lies before us in the Founder of Islam, who made the truth of the Unity of God a burning and shining reality for the Arab races by making his own personality the centre and rallying point of their faith. The first article of the creed of Islam, "There is no God but God," has become a great force in the world only because of the second, "Mohammed is the prophet of God." That is true. There is unquestionably in the soul of man something which welcomes the note of authority in its religious teachers, something, too, which hails the thought not only of new, but of final revelation from God. This authority and finality Mohammed claimed. His career and the course of Islam, I believe, furnish the most striking example of the thesis that no man, however spiritually enlightened beyond his contemporaries, has the right to put his own personality forward between God and His Truth and the Soul. It is, however, necessary to define strictly the limits of the personal self-assertion of the Founder of Islam. He never claimed to be more than the greatest and the last of the prophets; he never dreamed of asserting his own sinlessness; his last dying cry was for "pardon;" in a word his claims are far lower than those which, according to the Gospels, were made by Jesus, who declared that he who was but little in the Kingdom of God was greater than the greatest of the prophets, who said that He would return again as Judge of all

flesh, and who instituted a memorial feast to perpetuate the idea that His blood was shed for the remission of sins and to keep His own Personality living in the memory of His followers. Yet, attenuated as were the claims of Mohammed in comparison with those of Jesus, history has demonstrated that they were far in excess of his rights. The curse of Islam to-day is that it is so chained to its founder. It reproduces him only too faithfully in its polygamy, its intolerant cruelty, its insatiable love of power. That he raised the world around him to a higher level is, indeed, true; but the tragedy of the later history is that the world has moved beyond that level, and that Islam cannot move with it because its Prophet's self-assertion has bound his followers not only to the great and high truths which he received from God, but to the evil survivals from the past which were also elements in his complex personality.

So, too, this excess of self-assertion is the key to the moral deterioration of Mohammed himself, as well as to the corruptions of his religion. The gift of prophecy is the noblest of God's gifts, but it is also the most dangerous. The man to whom is granted a new vision of Divine truth is privileged beyond the other sons of men, but he is safe only so long as he realizes in every fibre of his nature that he is nothing and that God is all. The moment that pride because of his privilege creeps into his heart, the moment that the *ego* asserts itself unduly, in that moment the soul's tragedy begins. The clue to the strange paradoxes of Mohammed's personality, his early struggles for virtue and religious reform and his growing self-indulgence, his humane and generous nature and his astounding cruelty, lies here. It is the story of the progressive ruin of a soul through pride. "When once he dared to assume the name of the Most High as the seal and au-

thority of his own words and actions, the germ was laid from which were developed the perilous inconsistencies of his later life."<sup>a</sup>

For the true type of the spiritual interpreter we must look elsewhere. What is the noblest type of purely human teacher of religious truth, the true attitude of the most enlightened human spirit to whom God has granted a fresh vision of Himself, of His Purposes, and of Human Duty? How should such men bear themselves towards their fellows? What should be their self-estimate, their bearing towards God? We have an answer to these questions in the great phenomenon of Hebrew prophecy. We may say that historical criticism, like the archangel's spear, heals the wounds which it has made, for modern study of the Scriptures, by focussing attention on the prophets in the Old Testament and on the Personality of Jesus in the New, has given us a better understanding of the profound difference between them. As we study the writings of the prophets, we see with perfect clearness that while they speak with authority in the name of God, that authority has clearly defined limits, which are never crossed. They claim only to be interpreters of the Divine Order of the world and of the Divine Nature in which that Order inheres. In the light of this insight they interpret the past, they forecast the future, and they mark out the true line of present action. But their claim to authority is limited solely to the specific message, the "Word," or the "Burden," which they believe themselves commissioned to deliver. They never dream of going beyond this, of making their own personalities authoritative, and therefore mediatorial, or of asserting finality for the revelation which they bring. Rather does each of them rejoice in

being only one of a great series of revealers of God's Will. He is one of the prophetic order. He receives the prophetic tradition, adds his share, and hands it on to the next whom God may raise up to explain His unfolding Counsel to His people. No one who is familiar with their writings can fail to be impressed with the clear distinction which they draw between themselves and the Divine Message. With pathetic humility they confess themselves to be "men of unclean lips," weak, erring, sinful men, to whom God has committed a Revelation, terrible and glorious, which they must proclaim. There is here a profound and significant difference between the prophet of Islam and the prophets of Israel. Mohammed founded a spiritual tyranny, personal and autocratic to the core; the Hebrew prophets stand forth as the interpreters and statesmen of the great Theocracy, who are each summoned by Jehovah to do his part in his day and generation, and then to disappear, leaving the work to other hands. Who can imagine an Isaiah or a Jeremiah desiring to leave his name as a battle cry of faith? The prophets are nobly above all such personal claims. They are too absorbed in the terror and splendor of the Divine Counsel to dream of intruding their own personalities between God and man. The note of each prophet is, "Let my name be blighted, but let Israel be holy." They are one and all inspired by the spirit of the prayer of Moses: "O, this people have sinned a great sin. . . . Yet now if Thou wilt forgive their sin . . . and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written." It is this absorption in the Divine glory and self-forgetfulness in presence of what is greater than they that give them their peculiar moral grandeur.

Contrasting thus the prophetic attitude with that of Mohammed we cannot fail

<sup>a</sup> Muir's "Mohammed," p. 507. 3rd Edition. 1894.



to discern its superior nobility. We are sure that this is the true temper in which men should speak of things so great. It marks the very utmost limit to which the tone of religious authority can lawfully go in any merely human teacher, however spiritually enlightened he may be. If we believe that the prophetic message was true, we shall also believe that they did not pass that limit. They had a Divine Commission to fulfil, they fulfilled it, and then gladly and humbly laid down their burden. Such is the ideal attitude for the religious teacher.

Now the contrast between the attitude of Jesus and that of the prophets is the more remarkable when we remember that it was on this prophetic literature that His own soul was nurtured. We can see from the extant records of His teaching how deeply imbued His mind was with the peculiar thought of the prophets, how frequent are His allusions to their very language. His ideals of God and of true human life were largely formed under their influence. That they were for Him the greatest among the sons of men is shown, moreover, by the unique place among those sons of men which He gave to the only one among His contemporaries whom we can say that He actually *admired*, the great Baptist. In the Baptist He saw the old prophecy resurgent in its noblest form. To Him those prophets were the *élite* of their nation, the men who expressed its very genius and soul. Had Jesus, then, been in His own view one of that great series of prophets, which, when all is said, is what the Humanitarian theory demands, we should assuredly have found in Him the same spiritual note that we find in them, "Let my name be blighted, but let Israel be holy."

But unless the Gospels give us a wholly misleading account of Him, that is certainly not the case. They

represent Him as saying, in the most explicit way, that the Baptist is much more than a prophet because he is the forerunner of Himself, and, further, that the least among His followers is greater than John. They show Him constantly saying things about Himself which far outstrip the claims of Mohammed, or of any of the other great Founders of Religion, habitually assuming that faith in Himself and not simply in His particular teachings is the necessary condition of the New Life in His followers, and that unbelief in Him is the great sin of His people. They show Him asserting the right to forgive sins, and finally predicting His own return in power and glory to control the world and to judge all nations. The four Gospels, in fact, are full of this element. It is either expressed or implied throughout almost the whole teaching of Jesus. If these records are faithful then it is incontestable and indubitable that Jesus, on Emerson's view of Him, does "dwell with noxious exaggeration" about His own Personality. If He said the things about Himself, therefore, which they report Him to have said, if He assumed the spiritual attitude to His disciples which they represent Him to have assumed, it is not surprising, nay, it was inevitable, that Christian life and thought should from the first have taken the course which we know that they have taken and which Humanitarianism deplores. But, obviously, if it be so then the appeal which Emerson makes from the Churches to Jesus is no longer possible, and we must hold Him responsible for an overweening estimate of Himself and an abnormal self-assertion which have wrought disastrous results in the spiritual and intellectual life of mankind. But, as we shall see, a conclusion so radical as this is irreconcilable with the general impression which the personality of Jesus makes upon every morally enlightened mind.

This is in truth the great difficulty of Humanitarianism, and we have now to consider the way in which it has been met.

Plainly, the line of least resistance is to question the accuracy of the records. First of all, it is quite clear that the strategic necessities of the case demand the negation of the historical accuracy of the Fourth Gospel. To enter upon any adequate discussion of that great and intricate question here is, of course, impossible. I shall not use the witness of the Fourth Gospel in developing the argument of these articles, simply because considerations of space forbid. I believe it, however, to be an Apostolic source, and to give a true picture of the inner teaching of Jesus. But leaving that great and difficult question on one side, let us ask this other: Can the character and teaching of Jesus as they are pictured in the Synoptic Gospels be brought within the limits of the Humanitarian theory? It will not to-day be questioned that if these records are to be taken as they stand, the Personality of Jesus cannot be so explained. But the minute analytic criticism of the Gospels which has sifted them line by line, which has decomposed and recomposed them a hundred times, that necessary work of analysis of the sources which was an essential preliminary to the rejuvenescence of theology, has to some extent made obsolete the old proof-text method of using isolated passages to demonstrate what Jesus said and thought. It is always possible, to-day at least, to bring a battery of critical authorities to bear upon any particular saying in the Gospel, to prove either that it is capable of two meanings, or that it has been altered in translation from Aramaic into Greek, or that its absence from the "*Logia*" or *Ur-Marcus* makes it "suspicious," or that the Evangelist had some preconceived idea which led him to misunderstand the

meaning of Jesus. The critical movement, in fact, has raised such a whirl of dust that some find it very difficult to see anything distinctly at all, and one very eminent scholar has reached the conclusion that we can be certain only of some half dozen sayings of our Lord, these sayings being selected on the principle that inasmuch as they seem to go clean against the traditional view of His personality they could not have been invented and must, therefore, be original. Hence, it is always open to an objector, at the present moment, to make out a possible case against almost any particular saying which seems to tell decisively against his theory. In answering him one may be able to establish only a counter probability, and so in the stress of a multitude of such discussions the cumulative weight of a great number of probabilities is apt to be forgotten.

But there is one way at least of bringing the whole question as to the self-assertion of Jesus to a clear issue. What was His relation to the Messianic faith of His land and time? Did He believe Himself to be the Messiah? Did He make that claim? If He did make that claim what did it necessarily imply? I venture to think that the question here raised is of far greater importance than is even yet generally recognized. It is now more than half a century since the historical genius of Baur detected and gave emphasis to the great part which the Messianic Idea has played in the development of Christian doctrine. In his masterly survey of the causes which led to the growth of the new world religion, he gives it due prominence. He dwells first on that side of the teaching of Jesus in which the Humanitarian finds its essence, the interpretive element, which is concerned with truths about God and the soul. He then proceeds as follows:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>"The First Three Christian Centuries," Vol. I., p. 37. Eng. Edition.

And yet had Christianity been nothing more than such a doctrine of religion and morality as we have been describing, what would it have amounted to, and what would have come of it? True though it be when we regard Christianity in this aspect, that it comprised and summed up those pure and simple truths which utter themselves in man's moral and religious consciousness, and that it opened up these truths to the common mind in the plainest and most popular style, yet more than this was needed. A form was needed for the religious life to grow up in as a concrete structure. A firm centre was required around which the circle of its disciples might rally, so as to grow into a fellowship which should be able to win dominion over the world. When we consider the way in which Christianity grew up, it is plain that it could have had no place nor significance in history, but for the person of its Founder. How soon must all the true and weighty precepts of Christianity have been numbered with the words spoken by many a friend of humanity and philosophic sage of ancient times, had not its doctrines been made words of Eternal Life in the mouth of its Founder. But we cannot help asking, with regard to the person of Jesus, what is to be considered as the secret of the importance it has attained for the whole of the world's history? However powerful we may conceive His personal influence to have been, it must have acted from a certain point or fulcrum supplied by the circumstances of the place and time. Without this it could not have produced that effect on the mind of the age which enabled the work and influence of an individual to set on foot a movement so extensive and profound, and exercising such an influence on the whole life of mankind. Here, then, is the point where Christianity and Judaism belong to each other so closely, that the former can only be understood in the light of its connection with the latter. To put it shortly, had not the Messianic idea, the idea in which Jewish national hopes had their profoundest expression, fixed itself on the person of Jesus, and caused Him to be regarded as the Mes-

slah, who had come for the redemption of His people, and in whom the promise to the fathers was fulfilled, the belief in Him could never have had a power of such far-reaching influence in history.

That Baur is right in thus emphasizing the immense importance of the Messianic element in the historical development of Christianity seems to me certain. It was this that made the new religion from the outset not primarily a philosophy, or an ethic, or even a system of spiritual truths, but a living religion with power over the masses of men. It is now recognized on all hands that in this identification of Jesus with the Christ there is found the tap root of Christian doctrine. It is, to vary the figure, the element in its life which has from the first led it into different ways of thought from those in which Humanitarianism can find itself at home, which has made it not simply a new teaching, but a religion of mediation, a religion which, in Emerson's view, "dwells with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." Baur's contention is undoubtedly the true one. Somehow or other, primitive Christianity had become possessed by the conviction that Jesus was the Messiah, and out of this came the peculiar faith and life and thought of the Christian Church.

But we cannot, of course, stop at this point. We must ask how the Apostolic Church became so possessed by this conviction. Did the Apostles at this critical point understand or misunderstand Jesus? The progress of historical inquiry is gradually bringing this question into increasing prominence, and it will, I believe, become perfectly clear that this is no secondary question to be lightly slurred over, but that the answer to it is of absolutely vital moment for the true interpretation of His character. Its importance lies here. We have seen that in the synop-

tic Gospels; there are many reported sayings of Jesus which, as they stand, clearly indicate that He assumed a place in the spiritual order inconsistent with the Humanitarian reading of His Personality. These may be attacked in detail, their historical authority questioned and their apparent force weakened. But it will all be of little avail if Jesus actually declared Himself to be the Messiah, for if He were capable of doing this then He was also capable of saying these other startling things. They belong to the same type of self-judgment, and form with it a coherent and definite whole. It is, therefore, inconsistent to object to these sayings on the one hand on *a priori* moral grounds and at the same time to accept the fact that Jesus claimed to be the Messiah: a latent inconsistency which seems to me to run through a very large part of modern Humanitarian criticism of the Gospels, and which the prolonged and minute investigation of the period which has been going on for more than half a century, is slowly but remorselessly bringing to light.

To Dr. Martineau, in England, belongs the credit of having first discerned the critical importance of this question; and in his book on "The Seat of Authority in Religion" we find, with all its historical shortcomings, the most thoroughgoing endeavor to deliver Humanitarianism from its dilemma. His solution is simple and drastic. He fully admits that the Apostles accord to Christ a place incompatible with the Humanitarian solution, and would, I suppose, have no quarrel with the statement that they "dwell with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." But he accounts for all this by regarding it as a Jewish survival. Just as the earlier Brahminism lived on beneath the surface in primitive Buddhism, and worked itself to the surface in the apotheosis of the Buddha,

so, I suppose, he would picture to himself the survival of Messianic and Apocalyptic ideas in the Epistles. But he carries the same principle much further. He finds the same phenomenon in the synoptic Gospels to a far greater extent than modern criticism, as a whole, has been prepared to admit. Messianic beliefs, he says, were in the air. There was a positive Messianic obsession in the minds of the disciples and Evangelists. They would have it that Jesus was the Messiah in spite of all that he could do to prevent them from falling a prey to so hateful a delusion. Thus the Evangelists are wont to pervert the simplest sayings and deeds of Jesus, with perfect honesty, no doubt, but with entire inaccuracy, none the less. Jesus himself never claimed to be Messiah, but shrank with repugnance from the thought. Of that Dr. Martineau is certain. He did not claim to be Christ, because He was not the Christ, and a man of the greatness and nobility of Jesus could not claim to be greater than He was or than man could be. Inspired by this conviction, Dr. Martineau goes through the Synoptic narratives, having disposed of the Fourth Gospel after another fashion, and reconstructs their narrative in his own way. The most stubborn facts yield to the *elan* of his analysis, and disclose the most unexpected meanings. The confession of Peter at Cæsarea Philippi, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God," with Christ's reply, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar Jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven," becomes, through an ingenious use of Mark's account, a rash assertion by Peter of his faith in Jesus as the Messiah, and a stern repudiation of the title on the part of Jesus, "Silence, you are never to say such a thing!" The Triumphal Entry is dissolved into an accident of travel. The

wearied Jesus finishes His journey to Jerusalem by riding into the city on an ass, while the blinded multitude read into the incident an ancient prophecy, and hail Him King. As for the many incidents and sayings recorded in the Synoptic Gospels which imply an authority more than human, they are one and all read back into the life of Jesus by the disciples and evangelists. As we read the confident and brilliant pages of the venerable writer, our interest in his argument gradually fades. The whole adventure, we feel, is too desperate to have any practical result. He has decided the case on other grounds than those of criticism. Our interest, therefore, naturally passes from the subject matter to the writer, and we ask, How has he come to hold this determining conviction? What was it which forced this strong and high-minded thinker, to whom our age owes so much, into a position so singular? For the facts groan and cry out under such treatment. We feel that by such critical methods almost anything could be proved. We may fairly say that the assertion that Jesus never claimed to be the Messiah is to-day one of the eccentricities of criticism. It has, of course, been denied by others than Martineau, but by very few. There is almost no fact of the Gospel history that has not been so denied. But that Harnack's verdict, "This part of the Evangelic tradition appears to me to survive even the keenest examination," a verdict which he has

\* This already brings us to the other designation which He gave of Himself, the Messiah. Before I attempt to explain it, I ought to mention that some scholars of note,—and among them Wellhausen,—have expressed a doubt whether Jesus described Himself as the Messiah. In that doubt I cannot concur. Nay, I think that it is only by wrenching what the Evangelists tell us off its hinges that the opinion can be maintained. The very expression, Son of Man,—that Jesus used it is beyond question—seems to me intelligible only in a Messianic sense. To say nothing of anything else, such a story as that of Christ's entry into Jerusalem would have to be simply expunged

reiterated in even more decisive form in his later work,<sup>6</sup> is the true one does not seem to me to admit of reasonable doubt. But Martineau's argument, unconvincing as it may be, has a very peculiar interest. How did he find himself in such a position that it was needful for him to cut his way with such desperate trenchancy through the documents and through the greatly preponderant consensus of even his critical allies? There is an extremely interesting series of letters in his recently-published "Life and Correspondence" which throws much light on this psychological problem. As I think that it lays bare the real stringency of the Humanitarian dilemma, I shall venture to quote from it in some detail.

In a summary of certain unpublished lectures delivered between 1840 and 1845 Dr. Martineau is represented by his biographer as "always assuming that Jesus was the Messiah," and as believing that He so represented Himself to His disciples.<sup>7</sup> Later,<sup>8</sup> in a review of F. W. Newman's "Phases of Faith" (1850), we find that he has abandoned his own view that Jesus was the Messiah, while he retains the conviction that Jesus Himself believed it. He now shares his friend's views on both these points. But he is grieved at the conclusions detrimental to the character of Jesus which Newman draws. "It was not without personal pain," says his biographer, "that Mr. Martineau observed the destructive character of the conclusions which Mr.

if the theory is to be maintained that He did not consider himself to be the promised Messiah and also desire to be accepted as such. Moreover, the forms in which Jesus expressed what He felt about His own consciousness and His vocation become quite incomprehensible, unless they are taken as the outcome of the Messianic idea. Finally the positive arguments which are advanced in support of the theory are either so very weak, or else so highly questionable, that we may remain quite sure that Jesus called Himself the Messiah."—"What is Christianity?" pp. 130, 131.

<sup>7</sup> Vol. I., p. 171.

<sup>8</sup> p. 212.



Newman had reached. Their main divergence was in their estimate of the character and historical position of Christ. To the end of his life Mr. Martineau retained the profoundest veneration for Christ, and the attitude of a disciple towards Him; and, though he has been accused of 'destructive criticism,' his aim was always to destroy the lower in order to preserve the higher, and by a just historical method to clear away the accretions which obscured or distorted that grand and unique personality." How then did Martineau, in this second phase of his thought, deal with Newman's attack on the character of Christ? He argues that "such fallibility in matters of intellectual and literary interest as every theory must allow which leaves to the inspired prophet any human faculties at all, or any means of contact with his age and nation" is compatible with a true revelation of God through a morally perfect character. On this ground, his biographer says, "It was maintained by him that, though the claim to be the expected Jewish Messiah had no basis in reality, it was not indicative of any moral imperfection, for due allowance must be made for the vague and ambiguous meaning of the word 'Messiah' . . . and if Jesus never positively denied the political functions of the Messiah, an infallible moral perception detained Him from every tendency to realize them." In a later review of a new edition of "Phases of Faith," in reply to Newman's continued assertion that there was an undeniably arrogant tone in Christ's Messianic claims, his biographer says that, "Mr. Martineau accepted in part the answer that Christ had all these prerogatives, and it was only truth and reason to claim them." Plainly his mind was not at rest on the subject, and the leaven of Newman's criticisms was at work, for his biographer con-

tinues, "He qualified this acceptance by the statement of his conviction that the present Gospels exhibit this oracular and Messianic character of Christ's teaching in great excess of the reality." But he was unable to remain content with this position of unstable equilibrium. Nearly forty years later, in a letter to Mrs. Humphrey Ward about a paper which she had written on "New Forms of Christianity," we have the final result of his life thought. He says, "The inner life of Jesus will not, I fear, work the sequel as you describe it. The supposed pretension to the Messiahship breaks the identity and changes the whole moral attitude and relations of the personality. His message hitherto had been that the time was at hand for the kingdom of righteousness on earth to which, in common with His compatriots, He devoutly looked; He stood in regard to it on the same platform with them, and took it home to Himself, while delivering it to them, marking His fellowship by sharing with them the baptism of repentance. Now by a sudden transformation He appears in the character of *the King*, the secret being revealed at the same moment to Himself and to Peter, and allowed to break out, and rend the air of the approaches to Jerusalem. This total change of function, this leap upon a throne, with legions at command, and sentences of irrevocable destiny to pass, it is impossible to make continuous with the character of the Galilean man of God. His message then was one of self-abnegation; now it is turned into one of self-proclamation, a claim and not a service. And that claim, if really made by Him to others, must carry in it what they understood by it—the coming in the clouds of Heaven, the downfall of the kingdoms of the earth, and all the scene-shifting of 'the last days.' And all these elements of the contem-

\* "Life," Vol. II., pp. 240, 241.

porary Messianic belief are attributed to Him by the same Evangelists who make Him appropriate the Messianic office at all. They must, in my judgment, either all be taken or all be left. . . . I quite agree with you in referring the 'sentences of self-assertion' ascribed to Jesus to the moulding influence of the disciples' belief. But what higher degree of self-assertion can there be than self-identification with the Messiah?"

This letter, every word of which deserves to be carefully weighed, is simply a summary of the argument expanded in much greater detail in the volume on "the Seat of Authority in Religion," published two years earlier. In that book we find Dr. Martineau's whole view of the development of Apostolic thought wrought out with a vigor and a rigor which disclose his sense of the gravity of the position. We find that he has come thoroughly over at last to F. W. Newman's view that if the synoptic narratives are trustworthy, no possible defence of the character of Jesus on this point can be made. He must in that case be deemed guilty of overweening self-assertion, of irritation, of unpleasing self-consciousness, of "dwelling with noxious exaggeration about His own personality." But, having granted this, Dr. Martineau now pursues an altogether different course from that of Mr. Newman. The character of Jesus has made too profound an impression upon him for Mr. Newman's conclusions to be open to him. It was impossible for one of his lofty, spiritual genius to be contented with the solution that satisfied the somewhat narrow and acrimonious spirit of his friend. We cannot, for instance, imagine Dr. Martineau saying that Fletcher of Madeley was a more perfect character than Jesus.<sup>10</sup> On the other hand his intellect was too penetrating not to see that the

admission of Christ's own faith in His Messiahship involved either such a moral revolt as Newman's, or the acceptance of such a view of the Founder of Christianity as would lift Him above the ordinary historical categories, and make Him something more than a mere teacher of new truths about God and the Moral Order. Either he must change the fundamental theoretic view of Humanitarianism, or he must hold Christ guilty of an arrogance and self-delusion that would lower Him from His place in the hearts of men, or he must cut his way through the documents. Dr. Martineau was unable to face either the first or the second alternative, and so he adventured on the task of explaining the Gospel history afresh. I have quoted these passages at length because they seem to me to lay bare the real heart of the whole problem discussed in these pages. The progress of criticism is bringing us face to face with Dr. Martineau's difficulty. If we cannot rank him high among critics, we may gladly accord him a very high place among the thinkers who can work truths out to their conclusions, and see how they are inter-related, and an even higher rank among those fewer and rarer spirits who are gifted with moral and spiritual insight. That he saw the true issues as few among the Humanitarians of to-day see them, I believe as certainly as that he chose the wrong way out of the entanglement. His clear perception of the moral supremacy of Christ, and his equally clear perception that the Messianic claim, however much it might be attenuated, was inconsistent with goodness of the purely human type should, I venture to think, have led him to widen his theoretic view of the world, rather than to do violence to history.

But are we right in laying so much stress on the view of even so eminent a religious thinker as Dr. Martineau?

<sup>10</sup> "Phases of Faith," p. 210. Ed. 1850.



"What higher grade of self-assertion can there be than self-identification with the Messiah?" Was it not in the peculiar circumstances of the age a very natural error for a spirit so peculiarly gifted as that of Jesus? Are we not going too fast when we say that for Him to make such a claim either convicts Him of a spiritual crime against human liberty or proves Him to be more than man? Have there not been many men who claimed to be the Messiahs of Judaism, and have there not been men like the Bab or the Mahdi in Islam? The case of the Bab may at once be ruled out. In his day and land the Monism of Islam had run out into Pantheism, and his assertion of Divinity had therefore an entirely different significance from the assumption by Jesus of an authority practically divine, in the spiritual climate and soil of a stern Monotheism. But had not Palestine many false Messiahs in the age of our Lord? Yes; but it was one thing for a Barcocheba to assume the office of a Messiah, another and a wholly different thing for Jesus of Nazareth. To the Zealot the Messiah was a political and warlike figure, and any bold and fanatical adventurer who thought he could liberate his people might lay claim to the office, half-deceiving and half self-deceived. There is no more mystery about such figures than there is about the Mahdis and Khalifas of our own day. History ranks none of them high, either in the moral or intellectual scale. But the truly extraordinary thing is that such claims to the obedience and religious devotion of his followers as the Messianic claim implied should be made by Him who spoke the Sermon on the Mount, and the Parable of the Prodigal Son, to say nothing of the discourse which the Fourth Gospel represents Him to have spoken in the Upper Room. What, in its essence, was that Messianic hope which the teaching of

the prophets had created? To these prophets the coming Messianic age was the goal of all God's ways with Israel and with the Gentiles. It was a cosmic event. It "completed the history of the world." It was due to the intervention of God working more gloriously in His world than ever before. It was a new epoch in the history of God as well as in the history of man. Sometimes this "one far-off divine event" was pictured by them as due to the immediate intervention of God, or at least nothing explicit was said of the Messiah. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Divine Grace and Power were conceived of as mediated by the figure of a Personal Deliverer and Vicegerent of Jehovah. The saving and delivering Power of God were personalized and focussed in the figure of Him who was to come. The vagueness of this latter conception, its apparent wavering between earth and heaven, rendered it possible for narrow and earthly minds to vulgarize it, and to conceive of the Messiah as essentially a Warrior Prince. When the blessings of the Kingdom were conceived to be secular prosperity, glory and power, the Messiah was naturally conceived of after the same fashion. Now it is just with this rooted, secularized prejudice that we see Jesus struggling all through His earthly ministry. It is the key to the ambiguity and reticence of His earlier teaching as to His being the Christ. It was needful for Him to make plain the real nature of the Kingdom before He declared Himself its King. That He did both seems to me luminously clear. Conceive the nature of the Kingdom, then, as Jesus conceived it, and as He revealed it in the Sermon on the Mount. Think of His revelation of the Father, and of the Soul of Man and its true life. Think of the profound spirituality and inwardness of the whole. Eighteen centuries have added nothing to it. Its

full realization is still far in advance of the highest human spirits. What are its blessings according to Jesus? The Forgiveness of Sins, the Fatherly care of God, Communion with God, Brotherhood, Participation at last in the world victory of the Kingdom. It is the highest hope of the Prophets spiritualized and extended. "He that is but little in it is greater" than the last and greatest of the Prophets. Now for Christ to say that He is the Messiah of such a Kingdom as that is obviously a very different thing from the claim of a Barcocheba to be the Messiah of a kingdom of the sword. Little more is implied in that claim than the power to fight and conquer by the favoring grace of God. But for Christ to associate Himself with the personalizing strain of Old Testament hope, while at the same time He defines the Kingdom as He does in the Sermon on the Mount, is unquestionably, it seems to me, to declare Himself to be the Mediator of the Divine Life to the human race. What possible meaning can we attach to His Messianic claim in the context of His teaching but this? Can anyone say what it does mean, if it does not mean this? It follows, inevitably, that among the virtues of the kingdom—purity of heart, love to God, love to man, and the rest—we must place faith, love and obedience towards Himself—in a word the acceptance of Him as Saviour, and the owning of Him as Lord. When once we have reached that conclusion, and have thought out what Mediation and Finality really imply, we can see that nothing new and startling is added by the thought that He is Judge of all the Earth. The claim to be Messiah and the strange isolated sayings which assert His unique place in the spiritual order fall together in a complete unity. They are parts of the same general view. We may, in fact, with confidence make Martineau's judgment

our own: "What higher grade of self-assertion can there be than self-identification with the Messiah?"

It is clear, I think, that we have here the true roots of the "noxious exaggeration" with which, it is asserted, the Church has always thought of Jesus. He is Himself, I believe, directly responsible for the peculiar cast of Christian life and thought. Christianity reproduces Him here as certainly as Islam reproduces Mohammed, and on the bare Humanitarian view the Christolatry of the Christian Church must be traced to the overweening self-estimate of its Founder, as surely as the polygamy and tyranny of Islam must be traced to the sins of its Prophet. But are we, indeed, shut up to so repulsive a conclusion? If Martineau's way out of the dilemma is impossible for us, is that of F. W. Newman in any way more possible. That writer says frankly that we must recognize that Jesus had an overweening estimate of Himself, and that when that was touched, He was irritable and hard. Can that view be equated with what we otherwise know of the character and teaching of Jesus? Of that every earnest man must form his own conclusions from the study of the Gospels. The first disciples were put in practically the same position as we are in this matter. We know the conclusions which they reached. They had such confidence in Jesus that they took Him at His word. The moral impression which He had made upon them was so profound that it carried with it conviction as to the truth of His Messianic claim. I am content to make the same profession. The total impression which Jesus makes upon the human soul seems to me overwhelming, and Newman's solution preposterous.

It is only the total impression that can carry conviction, but one point may be referred to separately. Every

student of comparative ethics knows the peculiar emphasis which Christian morality lays upon the self-suppressing virtues. A new virtue appears in the classical heathen world with the new religion—the virtue of Humility. This quality of patience, gentleness, self-repression, lowliness, true magnanimity, is essential to the Christian type, and of it the Apostolical writers habitually adduce Jesus as the great example. The case for it is indeed stated by Jesus Himself with a paradoxical vividness which causes the gravest difficulty to many minds, because it seems to them unpractical and over-driven. Now this is surely not the type of ethical teaching which could ever come from a character of the kind which Mr. Newman describes. There must be something radically wrong with a construction which leads to such results as these. What is it then which is wrong? What is the initial error which leads to the critical violences of Martineau and the moral contradictions of his friend? It is the postulate with which they both start; it is the fundamental theory of Humanitarianism, the theory which assumes that Jesus can be explained by the same principles as explain Zoroaster or Gautama or Mohammed, that like them He is simply a great Interpreter, a Revealer of new truths about the unchanging spiritual environment of the soul.

We are shut up, I believe, to another explanation of the facts. If the Humanitarian view be the true one, if Jesus be simply a man, like the Founders of the other great world-religions, then authority of the kind which He asserted would indeed be spiritual tyranny, a tyranny traceable to His overweening estimate of Himself. But the Transcendent theory starts from different premises. It holds that the Personality of Jesus was absolutely unique, and, therefore, that the analogy between Him and the founders of other

religions, while valid and illuminating up to a certain point, is inadequate. The founding of the Kingdom of God, to those who hold this view, is not simply a historical development, but a great Cosmic Event, which finds a partial analogy in the first appearing of Organic Life in the physical realm, or the emergence of Self-Conscious human life in the animal world. The Apostle Paul, indeed, goes further and compares it to a new creation. On this view the Personality of Jesus is essentially that of the Mediator of the Divine Life. Let us, for the moment, and for the argument, suppose that His Personality is of this unique kind. Let us suppose that faith in Him, acceptance of His authority, the whole personal element of love, trust, reverence, obedience, really initiated His disciples into a higher and nobler life of communion with God, a life which at every point was maintained, and increased *pari passu* with the maintenance and enrichment of the personal relation with Himself; let us suppose that the Spiritual Universe was actually so ordered by God; would it not then be His bounden duty, His Divine Vocation, to make this momentous spiritual fact plain and clear to men. If so, how could He better do it than by following just such a course of action as the Gospels represent Him to have followed? On such a view the paradox between His self-assertion and His humility would disappear. He might with perfect consistency say, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father," and, in the same breath, "I am meek and lowly in heart." On the view thus provisionally suggested we can illustrate the solution of the paradox from human life. Take the case of a Monarch, who by the historic traditions and the institutional structure of a nation represents its national life, or a President, who by common consent is the representative of a great common-

wealth. Such a man may in spirit be humble and self-forgotten, but none the less under the sense of historic vocation he may assert and maintain his rightful place and refuse to tolerate any usurping and presumptuous rivalry, which would disable him from doing the work with which the nation has entrusted him, or wrong the honor of the people through its representative head. Yet, St. Louis on his throne, or Lincoln in his Cabinet, may be in essential spirit a humbler man than the ragged beggar at his gates. The self-assertion of the ruler may spring from natural arrogance, but it may also spring from self-denying love for his people, and a clear perception that its welfare depends on the maintenance of social order, an order to which his vocation is necessary and vital. Self-assertion in itself is not a vice. It may be a heroic virtue. Everything depends upon its motive, and whether or no

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there is reality behind it. The explanation which the theory of Transcendence gives of the Self-assertion of Jesus is that there was Reality behind it, and that Jesus followed the course which He did follow because it was His Divine Vocation, the only way in which He could adequately reveal His Father's will and redeem the souls of men. It is here, I believe, that the only adequate solution of the problem is to be found. It is only if we grant the unique and peculiar Personality and Relations to God and Man of Jesus Christ, that we can understand the picture given by the Gospel records and harmonize their apparent contradictions.

The questions as to the admissibility of the view thus provisionally suggested and as to its contents raise considerations of another kind, and are reserved for further discussion.

*D. S. Cairns.*

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### THE HAUNTED WOOD.

Weirdly human in outward seeming are the trees of the earth. Glad in sunshine, and how despairing in the gloom! This was the thought that the moaning wind in the branches of two trees before the window soon lulled to sleep. And the reflex of a dream—dreamed in the long-lost years—steals back, like the singing of a bird before the dawn, like the whisper of reeds beside a lake of shadows. . . . It is the dream of a well-loved young fir wood I knew. Not grand nor beautiful, it had all the sweetness of childhood, the rejoicing strength and fulness of youth. The moss grew in lowly beauty round the young spruce's feet; each lovely moss-tribe bearing some peculiar sign and badge of its race: tiny emerald

cups, minute balls and seeds, countless points of living green. And underneath the moss, in dark labyrinths, unseen, self-centred in their own small cares, moved another world of life—a world of busy insect life, a ceaseless round of existence circling on and on, far down out of human ken, till the ant is a giant to the myriads around, ever and ever lessening, ever more minute, more blindly careless and unknowing of aught save their own small selves. At ten years old, how delicious was that young fir wood! Green and aromatic, each tree of it well replenished with branches down to the very ground; full of grace and growth, and fairy mazes through and through. And now, it is ten years older. And the

little wood will long since have begun to show bare and black, and none would care to dream there now. . . .

Beautiful is the forest in every season, at every hour of all the year. Beautiful in the deep hush of mid-summer, beautiful in autumn, when the trees burn like lamps of gold—intensely beautiful beneath the winter starlight. Look up into the starry night through barred branches fretted overhead, and own the dim mystery of these unleaved forest aisles is worth a thousand days of summer pride. The limes and sycamores soon ceased striving with the wind, and the dream grew thin, and the little fir wood slept once more within the gray shades of memory.

Commonly speaking, a wood is a wood. It is *Sylva*: a collection of trees. They may fall through natural decay, or lightning may rend them, or the woodman's axe may fell them, or hordes of small untiring beetles may sap the life out of them—in places where the gun has left no woodpecker alive to save them—or, by stress of weather, the whole wood may be swept down. And then the ground will be re-planted, and in time a new wood will have grown up. The Haunted Wood changes—changes. Every year, year by year, it changes. Once on a time it was old; century after century it had stood, dark and gloomy, with great red-stemmed pines; the broad brown track through the wood littered with autumn leaves, or shining smoothly with summer rain of pine needles. It was the work of one cruel night, when the storm up-rooted half the wood. For the space of thrice three twelvemonths, from end to end the wood lay bare. Broken trees of deathful gray, knurled and scarred and rugged, gray-bearded with long hanks of lichen hanging dismally, or lying prone, with gaunt, upstanding roots. The old path was obliterated, and no new one made, for none cared to cross

a spot so desolate. The deep recesses of the wood now lay bare, and there was full daylight where sweet shades had used to be. Yet all the time green rushes grew strong and cool in many an oozy hollow. And over all the place hints there were as of some unseen movement, of green things and seeds under the earth—things that knew the sun had found them out, through the darkness underground. Also, little shoots of deciduous trees began to spring. Yet these outward signs of strong, impelling inner life did not make the place less cheerless, rather the grimness of it grew.

It is told of a man who wandered there after some strayed sheep, in the long-drawn twilight of a midsummer evening, that near the farther confines of the Haunted Wood he beheld strange things. A long procession of wild beasts passed silently before his eyes—elephants, tigers, giraffes, camels, lions. He watched them as they filed on, turning neither left nor right, faring north between him and the clear, cold skyline. And all those living creatures, half-transparent and wholly rainbow-colored, seemed as though they were but appearances of painted glass, like moving colors in some old church window: violet and blue and amber and fire-color. The man who saw stood still, rooted to the earth, until the last strange beast had passed. Then he forgot all about his wandering sheep, turned and went away to his house like one in a dream. And silent as in a dream, it is said, he existed, until the end came before next new moon arose. Visions of many-colored beasts are known elsewhere. In the Castle of the Isle of Man there is a bed-chamber where they who sleep have awoke at early dawn to behold the self-same sight. Visionary, rainbow-tinted creatures marching in long procession around the white walls of the room. Who can tell how these things are?



Who can gauge the mystery of the unknown *anima*, the indwelling secret power within the outside shell of being? We know not nor shall ever know. . . .

The latest change in the Haunted Wood is beneficent and thorough. It has renewed its youth, like the eagle. Dead trees have been cut up and dragged away. Not a sign of old decay is suffered to remain. No barren roots now lift horned heads above the brake-fern. Scarce any cleft, broken trees remain—hooded forms that seemed to come and go as evening drew on! No trace is left of that other, older wood. All now is fresh and young and joyous: full of the sweet mystery of young summer, when she empties lapfuls of wild-flowers all over the earth. From whence comes this delicious verdure where all had so long been austere and barren? Last year we could see without hindrance the whole as it were, of the desolate wood. To-day, fragrant glades and closes of wild copse lead—who knows whither? You only are aware for the moment of a sense of boundless distance, as you wander on, till suddenly checked by a straight fence dividing off the heath and open fields. In the place where ruin and mis-luck once set their seal as it were for evermore, smiles the green shiver of fresh leaves. It is as a garden of flowers. Sparkling patches of tiny potentilla, growing quite flat down in the moss and grass, red clouds of seedling sorrel, and short sweet grass damasked all among with trefoil of wood-sorrel, delicately green. The Haunted Wood, with this its latest enchantment, is pleasant, full of charm, and woos to waste one's time there, whether "at brim of day" or quiet even-tide. All along on either side the shadowy way the grass is spangled with blue veronica. Veronica is such a devoted little sun-lover; even within the shade, it will sometimes make shift to be blue and glad. Blue with green

is one of nature's commonest, loveliest, contrasts; but green should always have the mastery, as in *Anchusa sempervirens*, where the contrast is so exquisite of green, alive with myriad tiny touches of brilliant blue. So, too, with veronica when dispersed among the grass: the green is as a hundred to one with the number of the blue, yet it is only the blue that attracts the eye.

On the western borders of the wood once stood three old beech trees; only two remain. They are weather-worn and undersized as compared with the great full-grown "mast-bearing tree," as we know him in his prime; but as yet they are untouched by the axe, unbroken by the storm. A tender young growth of feathery birch is closing up so fast around, that soon the old trees will be held of no account, swallowed up in an alien crowd. Fate is against these two poor beeches. The north has certainly undone them, though not "with a sleety whistle through them"; it was only the north winds of June, for the edges of their leaves are curled and rusted only on the north side. The clean-cut stump between the two, of what was once a third, serves now for the wayfarer's seat. Five tall, half-unbranched, half-lifeless pines stand also there, in front of the beech, as before a judgment-seat, arraigned like five lost giants before the woodland bar, to give account for their sorry state. The naked stems stand upright, unclad, in shreds of rough gray lichen. Bare limbs stretch heavenwards in seeming tragic, vain appeal. Beyond them, in lines of perfect beauty, the new-born forest melts into the distance.

Light murmurs floating round among the leaves seem to question the accused: "Where are your friends? Why are ye so alone?" But no accusation comes from "the chair of judgment"; no answer from those five shattered thralls. Quite irrelevantly, round the poor

wind-scathed beeches themselves, rustles on a stave from the old ballad:

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good green-wood,  
Where mavis and merle are singing. . . .

Sitting here under the beeches I forget the gray Scotch firs standing so forlornly dumb, and begin to remember a curious story the poet and historian Lowell used to tell of a "Witch Farm" in America. The place is a forest near New York, at some distance, but within a walk from the city. On the edge of the forest a farm will at times appear, which no one remembers to have ever seen before, unless they happen to be among the few who *have* seen. There is no one about the farm, no sound is heard, yet there are signs of busy occupation. The door is open, empty milk-pails lean against the wall, newly-cleaned pans and dairy utensils and butter-churns are set out to dry; clothes hang on the line in a little drying-ground—all looks as if the farmer's wife, or servant, had but just gone indoors; or gone out meaning to return in a few minutes. Whoever thus chances on the farm seldom stops long to look. He will pass on, thinking to himself: "I don't seem to remember that farm. I must inquire about it in town." In town not a soul knows anything about it, and never will that person see the farm again, however often he may return to look for it. Then others will go out to seek the witch-farm. Over and over again will they pass and re-pass the very spot where it had been seen, retracing their steps, and puzzling and saying: "It must be there; we have mistaken the way." They are few indeed to whom the spectral farm has shown itself. Lowell himself once saw it. On the verge of the wood he passed a homestead which appeared precisely as had been described—the milking-

pails and dairy things all about round the open door, the linen hanging out to dry on the clothes-line. Mr. Lowell saw it all, and passed on without thinking; then suddenly stopped short with a feeling of something strange, turned and sauntered slowly back in order to look again at the place. But no house at all was there, and he was unable to find again the exact spot where it had been. He had seen the Witch-Farm.

In the Haunted Wood one never comes upon a mystic homestead, yet well I know a Garden lies hid in its innermost shades. In June the growing copse is wont to give out its fragrance in the sunshine, and it happened I saw led to follow down a narrow green alley sloping ruggedly to where some ruined remnants of the older wood survive. A wide-winged, silvery, pale-green moth floated on before, till just where the thicket grew more dense the large wings closed as it settled on the underside of a leaf, whilst I drew near to get a clearer view of the lovely thing. The maze of slender branchlets suddenly parted in a little arch of mountain-ash rich in red ripe berries—though indeed their time of ripening was not yet—and, just beyond the rowans lay a garden. Woodland and winding paths and pale green moth were not; instead, an open lawn filled full of light and color. Above, the Eye of Heaven, in a cloudless depth of light, shone down upon a mist-walled garden. Countless flowers, all dewy and shadowless, rejoicing as flowers rejoice only when the day is young. One step within that magic circle, one breathless glance, then the shimmering mist arose and spread and blotted out garden and sunshine and flowers. So swiftly did the vision vanish, there was not time to note the exact spot where it had been. There seemed to be a glassy pool in the centre of the flowers, and a streaming of blue to meet



the pool; but whether the blue were running waters or a shoal of bright-winged birds at play, or troops of azure butterflies fluttering down to sip at the margin of the pool—who can say? The vision passed away as quickly as it came. And it is certain that the flowers were “garden-flowers.” There was nothing of the inconstant look of wild-flowers, nothing of the wild-flower aspect that none mistake. The flowers I saw were chequered pink and purple, most richly doubled and redoubled in their pride. So the young copse once more closed in on one side and the other of the narrow, green, way. . . .

Dreams are said to be “the interludes that fancy makes”; and that gay impictured garden was but a visionary interlude. Yet at once I fell to thinking out the plan of a forest garden. The whole world is his who plans. “The plan” may be of the wildest, and impossible to realize. Still it exists, if in the mind it be drawn out. It is a reality, more solid perhaps than anything that is actually made real. To begin with, the forest must be like “The Haunted Wood” and none other. Therefore it must be in Scotland. And if rarer and more sensitively delicate

plants are desired, such as would naturally be unsuited to so wild a spot, then must be found another sort of wood-garden in some more genial clime.

Mine shall be a garden of iris, the flower of poetry, the flower of the mystic three, the flower of reticence. Rich in velvet color, beyond words to describe, it is yet, above all others in the garden, the flower of silence. The iris keeps counsel with herself. Her close-swathed bud gives no promise, brags not, tells no tales of loveliness to be. The single, slender, erect stalk bears one flower, whose sister bud awaits in patience the hour when her turn also shall come. From under the petalled tip, as soon as its day is over, steals out a new beauty into bloom, while the other fades and is not. When iris is white, it is as the whiteness of moonlight shining on the snow. And the time of her blooming is in June and July.

This, then, shall be the flower of our woodland garden—English iris, *Xiphoides*, and Spanish *Xiphium*, with infrequent clumps between of the beautiful broad-leaved flag, or German iris.

#### XIPHIMUM XIPHIODES.

The plan of the garden planned that day in the Haunted Wood is a shell or spiral. After passing through a brown, dim, grove of great old trees, a little burn is crossed, and at once we are in the midst of a dense young growth of self-sown *Betula*, or birch. Then, after following a wild, uncertain path, our iris-spiral shall begin. A long, curving, close-shorn grassy way, hewn out through the thick of the under-wood, curving spirally like the shell of a snail; or rather, like an ancient ammonite. No design is lovelier than the spiral; none so primeval! The

selvedge or edge along the outer side is enriched with iris. This selvedge may be about eighteen inches wide, and the green way six or eight feet. And since English iris want coolness about the feet, and either completely die down in summer, or at best, the narrow leaves grow yellow, there must be an intermingling of the finer and more delicately made wild grasses. Or scattered seeds of low growing summer flowers will keep up the interest and keep the border full of color. Spanish iris (*Xiphium*) differs scarcely from the English, save only in the outline of

her lovely flower, which is even more exquisitely refined and small. It also blooms earlier, and for perfect growth must receive full sunlight. Wherever the spiral curves most freely catch the sun, there *Xiphium* should do well; not forgetting that always the bluest are loveliest, and more true in color to the brilliant blue flashes of wild iris seen so often by travellers in Spain between flowery borders of the railroad. English iris, *Xiphoides*, must, however, chiefly fill the border, and thus the spiral will be long lengths of purple, blue, and white all the way, with shining breaks of golden yellow; or mottled gray, or lavender, or silvery splashed with violet. Then, as the winding track sweeps round, its convolutions end at last in a small clear pool. A single thread of water rises glittering from the centre. The pool should be full of fish, so that perhaps a heron might be enticed to take his stand there and keep solemn watch for hours among the great splendid *Kämpferi*, or Japanese iris. Or a marble Naiad might dream forever on the brink. One thing must be noted; it is this: the beauty of English or Spanish iris is never enhanced by undue crowding. They will of themselves fill out in time. And the thrifty, thinly furnished line, with sometimes four or five together, sometimes only two, will prove more full of charm and interest than a space more thickly planted.

In how many gardens of the day is evident an almost painful striving for effect! To achieve "masses of color," "wonderful effects," is a chief aim; whilst the endless lovely forms of individual leaf and flower are unnoticed and unthought of.

Round the heron's pool—or the Naiad's haunt—must be disposed a fringe of broad-flowered Japanese iris. It blooms later than the others, and thus when these are done will come as a beautiful surprise; and the color,

magnificently purple, shall contrast grandly with the taller *Ochroleuca Monnieri* standing near in raiment of wrought gold. With our joy in her presence, too often we forget that the iris season is very brief. Before July the feast is over, or will soon be over. Some other flower must be ready to fill her place. Blue *nemophila* streaming round might be some consolation. Or streaks of crimson *linum*, or some other bright attractive seedling; simply as lovely makeshifts for the moment. . . .

Although the Iris Shell, so easily planned, lives ever with us as a vision of beauty greatly to be desired, there yet remains an abiding consciousness of its visionary nature; a feeling that such a design, simple though it be, could never be carried out, and that it must always be a dream and nothing more. Yet,

With the dream foregone, foregone,  
The deed foreborne for ever,  
The worm regret will canker on,  
And time will turn him never!

And as the beautiful iris spiral fades, another garden, the same with a difference—one which might be found less hard to realize—is already planned in its stead. They, in whose souls the Queen of Flowers reigns pre-eminent, whose desire is ever to "the rose, the rose," might devise for some English woodland, in the heart of its deep hazel copse, a spiral Rose garden. A fair place of well-clipped green-leaf walls. Here would be jutting capes of juniper or yew to give variety, half hiding, half disclosing a new surprise, something brilliant and unexpected at every turn. A splendor of white campanula grow joyfully in the narrow selvedge; or columbine, blue, and orange, and pink—crushed-strawberry color—each floweret very slender and innocent of any hint of doubleness. Variety and loveliness unnumbered

shines all around their rose spiral. But the rose; the rose must be supreme. Here no "rich-bosomed garden rose" may have leave to live. Only such as Penzance briars of many shades, and wandering Ayrshires, pink roamer (*Wichuriana*) wildly spangled—and Ideale, if she do but consent to fling her flower-laden streamers about the tangled walls; with many another. Single or half-double roses, named or nameless, crimson or blush-pink or purest white, shall all be dear to us. There is hardly a limit to the colors of the roses winding round and round the Rose Shell. Yet even of these not over many. For our law is "ane few meyne"; or, as one might say, a few of sorts. Then, two narrow vistas may be carved somewhere through the outmost leaf-walls, and paved with turquoise of blue forget-me-not, or pale gold of primroses. Beyond, blue glimpses of a hill country very far off, with clouds of rosiest willow herb between. The last whorl of the rose spiral is a green circle of turf. And on the green stands a small, open, white temple, like a little reminiscence of a Temple of Vesta. On one side low-growing roses—Bengal or red Damascus—surge up to the very base of the slender, white shafts; while opposite is only the green turf between the temple and a receding line of flowers. To follow on alone along these wild-wood spirals of rose or iris, is to pursue some blissful mystery of tranquil pleasure. . . .

Somewhere exists, or once existed, a pen-and-ink drawing by Rossetti—"How they met themselves." Two lovers in the bright bloom of youth and happiness, walking together in some wild ferny place, on a sudden perceive *themselves* approaching. The youth and the maiden start back appalled at the haggard, sin-scored faces that met them thus, prophetic of the future—of their own similitude in life's

hereafter. Something like this idea in the rough may be found in a manuscript family house-book of over a hundred years ago, along with recipes for rose-water, almond cakes, &c., headed thus: "To Make a Ghost in a Garden Wilderness." And thus the recipe begins: "Find some rather long-shaped damp-disfigured mirror, or other polished lucid substance—the worse condition of it the better for your purpose. Fix the glasse warily at a certain distance off the footpath amidst of wild thicket of underwood and weeds and leaves in such manner as half to hide and half display it. Any person using the footpath and chancing to turn his eyes that way, sees as it were a Phantom; not knowing that it is but a vain image of himself." A childish conceit, one that must never find room in *our* gardens of sedate delight!

"Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings," were the words that seemed to come and go in the mind's ear at one special spot near the entering in of a bower-path, burrowed through copse and scrub, not far from an out-most corner of the wood. The threads of memory are often far to find, and often her roots are buried deep, so the secret of the haunting reiteration long lay hidden. One day it happened that, entering the embowering shade, suddenly I knew. And remembered sunshine of long ago, "when all the world was young," again shone down upon a tall house-roof, and four gilded vanes flashed back the gleam. Four golden doves turned east and west and north and south, gently veering with the winds of summer. All day in the blue of heaven they seemed to hover above the roof. Through the storm and the tempest their wings glowed fitfully; glowing even at dead of night, when the whole house slept, in watch and ward of the golden doves. Again there

was a day (when all the world was young) and summer shone fair upon the roof; and our poet host, Lord Lytton, led his friends along garden ways hedged in with glistening laurel—the pride of the place—to the water of Knebworth. From the margin of the lake they marked the long ripple and liquid shadows, and then it was the poet lightly quoted: "Let's sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings." And thus the gilded vanes and little unimportant scene as the friends sat down upon the grass by Knebworth lake come back years after, and the word spoken so long ago is whispered to-day in innumerable foliage of the Haunted Wood—but how, or why, who knows? Yet there is no unfathomable mystery, for had not a packet of old letters been only very lately opened and read once more, after lying lost for forty years? And one was penned under the roof of the golden doves. The ink may be faded, but the thoughts are fresh as yesterday: "I wonder whether anybody lives the life he or she meant to live; and sometimes doubt whether the failure of felicity in this life should not rebuke rather than encourage our hopes of another. When a child spoils his toy you take it away from him. You don't give him a better one to break. The world that has been given us seems so much more beautiful and fruitful of enjoyment than the lives we live in it. Is the defect in the individual or society? I don't think it true that birds of a feather flock together. They only come across each other now and then, and seldom keep long in company. If the dull, wicked, and the selfish-hearted are found in troops, it is only because their number is so great that they cannot avoid each other. They would if they could; preferring the society of brighter and gentler natures, were it only for the pleasure of tormenting them. I have slipped, however, into

a stream of talk, which, unlike other streams, will certainly *not* grow either brighter or gentler the further it runs on.—R.L."

. . . At noon the Haunted Wood lay bare its charm to the golden prime of an August day. The myriad-leaved underwood, flecked with too early yellow, veiled as in a light mirage the full glory of the sun. Kushes and sedge, and moss low-lying on the earth, had drunk so deep of sunshine that stalks and leaves burned green as though illumined with an inner fire of life. Sitting in an alcove of wild raspberries, reddening in their own shade of white-lined leaves, and smelling already of raspberry jam—the silence and the sunshine and the ripe fruit called back to mind a certain dear old house of former days. Up the long passages, in those old hot Julys, fragrant whiffs of raspberry jam from the kitchen would sometimes steal right into the wainscotted parlor. Mingling with the smell of sun-warmed fruit thrilled a sense of something sweeter far. An aroma as of white jasmine with ten thousand wild-flowers of the woods, the rarest fragrance of the sweetest flower, dear memory's keenest stimulant, the marsh-loving Butterfly Orchis, came wafted from some secret corner of the wild. Yet hardly like the dreamy fragrance of an orchis, it was but a suggested fragrance—a momentary thought-scent such as bracken in the rain gives out, wafted from some woodland far away. A scent that made the faces of long-lost friends shine out of dim mists of other days, and the sound of their voices seem nigh at hand. Once more we had met (in the rain) at the thatched hut—the scene of many a happy meeting—among the firs on St. George's hill, long years ago. The hut looked down a steep ferny slope, green just then with the glory of midsummer, sparkling with midsummer rain. There were Adelaide

Sartoris, and Browning, and Leighton, and Mrs. Brookfield, with her fair-haired Magdalen, and others; and it was Adelaide led the laughter and the talk. And then she sang a song she loved—"The Music of the Sea"—and then she read aloud. William Morris had not at that time very long begun to publish; and his style was hardly understood. It was one of his slighter poems that was read aloud that day, in Adelaide's usual dramatic manner. The refrain of "Two Red Roses across the Moon," was given with a look and intonation irresistibly funny. And then Browning told story after story. Only one of his stories, trivial as it is, survives after all these years! It was about the deaf old lady's tea-party after a visit to the Zoo. A shy young man next her had to say something into her trumpet. So he said, "Did you see the elephant?" "Did I see *what*?" "The elephant!" "What?" He tried a little louder: "The elephant!" "Oh, the tea-pot!" "No, the elephant!" "The tea-pot!" "The elephant!" he shrieked. "The tea-pot?" And so it went on, amid a dead pause round the tea-table, till the miserable youth jumped up and fled the scene. It was the way Browning had of telling a thing that told, and roused the merriment ringing from our hut.

And so ran on the stories and the mirth, till the rain had ceased, and the sun broke out, and all the party went out and followed Mrs. Sartoris, while she and Leighton plunged down into the sea of fern—in youth who cares for wet or dry? And all the company got wet through, and sought the winding homeward paths, and went their ways back to London; and the well-known voices died away. It is the moment to put on the Ring of Secret Thought, when I remember.

All the friends so knit together,  
I've seen around me fall like leaves in  
wintry weather;

to forget the sun-lit shades, and sweet woodland sounds: to know that "the only thing in life worth thinking about is death."

. . . Not in the Haunted Wood—it is too freshly new. Not in the little fir-wood, still in its first fragrant youth. Not there, but in some old secluded forest tract, sacred perchance to a great brotherhood of immemorial oak; or in lonely places murmurous with music of "the voiceful pine," where beneath the trees the grass grows smooth and shivers in the wind. There, when long shafts of sunset steal between the trees; and birds are silent; in such an hour, to the inner mind of one who muses there—it may be "musing upon the days of his youth, the glad days and the solemn days"—at times will come the sense of some strange spirit crisis, and to him the Present will seem to fail and fall away, while the Past comes back intensely near, lying rolled together, as it were, in a little heap that the hand might gather up. Within the compass of the forest glade, such an one, at such a time, will know the agony of a mysterious influence, the supreme influence of Nature when we are alone with her. Like a dream it holds us, drawing to us from the hard substance of the trees, from rough oak or smooth-rinded beech. In such an hour the soul will seem to come close to the very outmost gates of being; so close, it feels their touch—shrinking back from the chill prison of mortality. Hope, love, death, are not; only a burning to be free, so the soul might release herself from mortal sense. The solemn trees stand round—calm, immutable, as for ages they have stood, types of the inexorable. What are we to them, with all our perishing human love and hate? born to die, while they grow on forever, calmly growing to decay, self-involved in a grand, profound indifference.

Slow, slow, the red-gold sunset il-



lumes each leaf-crowned head, till the sullen passive strength of the great trees seems to pass into a smile; until, looking upward through green ranks of

branch and leaf, there shines at last a little space of tenderest blue—above, immeasurably far.

E. V. B.

The Cornhill Magazine.

## LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### VISITORS TO THE SICK ROOM.

Though my Father's illness brought about, of necessity many changes in our mode of life, and much disorganization into our quiet household, I could never have guessed that it would cause a sequence of events which would affect the lives of other and more important folks. Yet such was the case, though the circumstances which entailed such serious consequences were of themselves very trifling.

Every one was sorry for the helpless plight of a man so active as my Father, and our neighbors of all degrees sought to render his captivity less irksome to him. Thus it occurred to Parson Formby to send him a parcel of books one day, and as neither my Mother nor Patty were great readers, and these volumes appeared to contain a variety of long and crabbed words, it was a boon to the family when Dorothy Ullathorne proposed to make him acquainted with the contents. She, who had always felt so kindly to him, appeared to find pleasure now in keeping him company, and endeavoring to lighten his weariness. She drew up her chair to his bedside indeed, Patty said, with as much alacrity as though she had been his own child, and reading the titles aloud of the different books, inquired which he would have.

"Do you choose," said she, "*Doctor Hammond's Tracts*, or *Ark of the Testament*, Opened by Master George Gillespie, or *Bishop Rust's Discourse of Truth*—"

"That might do me good," says my poor Father; and Patty said he eyed the volume less dismally than the others, for it was a small one.

"Or will you," went on Mrs. Dorothy, "have this one, *Dry Rod Blooming and Fruit Bearing*? It is by one George Hughes of Plymouth, and is over sixty years old—indeed most of Mr. Formby's books seem to be somewhat ancient."

"Eh, I think I could fancy that," cried my Father eagerly, "rod-blooming, did ye say, my dear? That'll be summat about grafting on these here briar stocks. And fruit bearing—eh, I've knowed some funny things come about out o' these meddlin's w' Nature. I've heard my Grandfather tell a tale of how he planted some cherry stones from a tree as was grafted on an Ash, and naught but little Ash saplings comed up. Ah, I think I could like very well to listen to yon book."

"But Dorothy didn't seem altogether satisfied," said Patty, relating the tale to me. "There's another title to it," says she, '*A Treatise of the Pain and Gain of Chastenings*, partly in *Several Sermons*.' 'Sermons,' says my Father, disappointed-like, and then Dorothy began reading, and it was that melancholy I could very nigh have cried myself; and the poor dear Man sighed

till your heart 'ud bleed to hear him, and then he took to yawning, till I was afeared she'd think him unmannerly; and he was very nigh asleep, when who should walk in but Sir Jocelyn. He looked first at my Father's dismal face, and then at the books, and then at Dorothy.

"Are you all doing penance here?" asked he. "'Tis a bit too much of a good thing to my mind. Is not a broken leg enough for you, Friend James?"

"Parson Formby sent 'em," says my Father, "'twas very kind of him I'm sure. He reckoned I must be dull lying here all day."

"Sir Jocelyn took up the books one by one, and laughed again. 'I think I can find something more cheerful for you,' said he. 'I have some numbers of the *Flying Post* and of the *Daily Courant*, giving all the latest news from Holland and Paris, which I have no doubt Mrs. Ullathorne will be good enough to explain to you, and I have besides several numbers of the *Spectator*, a paper which very much delights myself, and which I am sure you would find diverting, particularly those pages relating to Sir Roger de Coverley.' Then, turning to Dorothy he inquired if she would be likely to be here again tomorrow, and on her replying that it was her custom, since my Father's illness, to pass every day some time in his company, he informed her that he would himself bring the paper in question. 'For,' said he, 'I can then point out to you those items which are most likely to be of interest to our Friend.' Do you know, Luke, that I cannot forbear thinking that Sir Jocelyn admires Dorothy more and more every day?"

"'Twill avail him little then," said I, "for she vows she wants none of his love."

"Folks change their minds sometimes though," says Patty, "don't they, Luke?"

"Do you mean me, Madam?" said I. "Whom the cap fits," said she, and ran away.

When I came home from the office on the following evening I found Sir Jocelyn installed on one side of my Father's bed and Mrs. Ullathorne on the other, the latter reading aloud in a voice both sweet and gay, and frequently interrupting herself by a burst of laughter. Indeed, they all seemed to be very merry; I had not seen my Father look so cheerful since his misfortune, while Sir Jocelyn, leaning back in his chair, had his smiling eyes fixed upon the reader.

I crossed the room softly and sat down by the window; and Mrs. Ullathorne, turning to me with a nod of recognition, said:—

"We are learning about a certain Sir Roger de Coverley, Luke, whom Mr. Forshaw thinks must be a very worthy man."

"Did you ever meet him, Sir Jocelyn?" interrupted my Father eagerly. "He seems to be a noble Gentleman, and wonderful good to the poor."

Sir Jocelyn and Mrs. Ullathorne looked at each other and laughed, which my Father perceiving, he began to explain that as Sir Jocelyn was Sir Jocelyn, and Sir Roger was Sir Roger, and both were very kind-hearted gentlemen, he thought they might have some acquaintance together.

"But of course," he added, "he must be a deal older nor your Honor."

"Indeed, I would like very well to know him," said Sir Jocelyn, "for every one who has heard of him seems to love him."

"He's a bit simple, though, in the matter o' coortin'," said my Father. "Eh, he don't seem to ha' much notion o' how to deal wi' a Woman—more particular a Widow. Eh, Luke, my lad, I was not that soft wi' thy Mother. She and me walked together a bit, when we was both young things,



but she couldn't make up her mind whether she'd have me or thy Father; so I just took and married Patty's Mother, as I knowed were willin'. Well, the poor little body died when the lass was born, but your Mother was wed by that time. However, when she were a widow, I went to her again as soon as were decent. 'Wilt ha' me now?' I says. 'Oh, James,' says she, 'hadn't we better wait a bit?' 'Nay,' says I, 'I can't wait. If you can't make up your mind, my dear,' says I, 'there's plenty as will. There's Moggy Wainwright o' John's o' William's as 'ud do me as well as another, I daresay.' Well, she come round on the minute," said my Father emphatically, "on the very minute."

Sir Jocelyn looked across at Mrs. Ullathorne with a laughing face, but she did not meet his eye, and I saw that she had a vexed look.

"What," said he then, addressing my Father, "would you have him threaten the perverse Widow, as you threatened your good Dame, that he would pay his court elsewhere if she remained obdurate?"

"Nay, but I'd ha' had him do it," says my Father, and then he winked both eyes together, after a fashion he had when he wished to appear amazingly sly. "She'd ha' come round fast enough then, I'll uphold you."

"You cannot judge all women after your standard," cried Mrs. Ullathorne sharply; it was the first time I had heard her speak harshly to my Father since that bygone day when she had flouted him about the horse.

"Why then," said he, not at all abashed, "I'd ha' had him wed that there Madame Truby; she was a deal more suited to him to my mind nor t'other stuck-up baggage; and she had a nice bit o' brass too."

"You have a very poor opinion of him then," said Mrs. Ullathorne angrily. "Do you think the man a

weathercock that he should turn from one to another so easily? To my mind there is something noble in his constancy. Better be faithful to a single love, even if it be an unhappy one, than be content with the next best."

She addressed my Father, but I think she meant the words for Sir Jocelyn, who responded in the same manner.

"Now I, for one, agree with you, James, but what I marvel at most is that the Widow in question should have remained so long without being linked to a second partner. For since she could not or would not accept Sir Roger, it seems to me that this hesitancy was another man's opportunity. And I wonder that some determined wooer did not take advantage of her very weariness to press his suit."

"Nay, now," cried Mrs. Ullathorne, with sparkling eyes, "now, Mr. Forshaw, you are unduly hard upon the Lady, for surely if she would not accept Sir Roger, whom she perhaps liked very well, she would not have taken another to whom she was indifferent."

"But don't you see, honest James," said Sir Jocelyn, "that cannot have been any very strong love which continued in so persistent a denial?"

Here Mrs. Dorothy rose to her feet; she was quite pale and spoke in a choked voice.

"I cannot sit still and listen to such sentiments," she cried. "I would have you to know that there is sometimes more generosity in withholding than in giving."

This time her eyes and those of Sir Jocelyn met, and as the Baronet did not answer my Father, who had not been able to get in a word edgewise, and who had been looking from one to the other in great astonishment, for the excitement of both was evident, announced it as his opinion that all women were very much alike, and so for the matter of that were all men,

and that if a couple couldn't agree to take each other, why there were plenty more folks to be had for the asking.

Sir Jocelyn laughed, but Dorothy, who could not be prevailed upon to take the matter lightly, remarked with a clouded brow that it was time for her to return home.

"But ye'll come to-morrow, won't ye, my dear?" asked my Father. "Eh, 'tis the only hour o' the day that I feel myself happy, and there seems to be a lot o' readin' in these here papers still."

"Yes, I'll come to-morrow," said she in a gentler tone, as she took the big brown hand that lay outside the coverlet.

I had been sitting mute in the window-seat all this time, and now rising asked permission to see Mrs. Dorothy home.

But Sir Jocelyn waved me back.

"No, Luke, my friend, unless Mrs. Ullathorne particularly wishes for your company, I should prefer you to remain behind. I intend to be myself the Lady's escort if she will permit it, and on our way to Lychgate we shall continue our discussion of Sir Roger de Coverley's love affair."

"I have no wish to pursue the subject further," she remarked petulantly.

"At least," said he gently, "let us explain our views more clearly." Then, with a twinkling of his eye, "Surely you are not afraid to cross a lance with me?"

She turned to him then with a rising color. "Afraid! no indeed! But I know we should never agree, and, moreover, I could not expect you to enter into my feelings."

"Try me," said he, stepping back to let her pass before him, and speaking gently and persuasively.

But I could see that his recently expressed sentiments had startled and irritated her, and if she suffered his company it was rather that she might, by speaking her mind, lay at rest certain

qualms of her own than for his satisfaction. Scarcely had they crossed the threshold before she turned upon him with—

"If you believe that there is no such thing as self-sacrifice in woman, or fidelity in man, it is useless to continue the argument."

Then, as they stepped away across the yard, I heard Sir Jocelyn's deep tones—"Madam, I hold there is no more admirable quality in man than his fidelity, either to a passion or a purpose; and as to self-sacrifice in woman, I would examine its nature e'er I venture to pronounce."

I heard no more, but on returning to the parlor I found my Father chuckling to himself.

"I tell thee what, my lad," said he, "there's like to be wigs upon the green afore aught's long. Her Ladyship 'ull be neither to hold nor to bind if things falls out as they're shaping."

As I made no reply he exclaimed impatiently: "What! doesn't thou see how thick they're gettin'?"—jerking his thumb in the direction taken by our visitors—"twill be a match as sure as my name's James Forshaw."

"Never!" cried I with conviction, and I thought of Mrs. Dorothy's jealous distress at the mere suggestion that a rejected lover could find consolation elsewhere.

"Eh, thou Leather-head," cried my Father, "isn't Sir Jocelyn rich enough and grand enough to do as he pleases, and isn't that fine lass bonny enough to wed wi' a King? Why shouldn't he have her?"

"Nay, but I think that she won't have him," said I, a remark which my Father took in very ill part, observing that, though I might be a fool, there was no need for thinking other folks the same, and that to his mind Mrs. Dorothy was a lass of sense.

"Nevertheless, Sir," said I diffidently, for my Father was not one who

brook'd contradiction, "I doubt Sir Jocelyn would take it ill if we was to notice his inclination; and I am sure Mrs. Ullathorne would be much hurt——"

"Pray," interrupted he sharply, "pray who is noticing his inclination except in a private way? Did you ever know me tattle wi' folks that you must needs bother me wi' such counsels? Keep thy breath to cool thy porridge," cried my Father, thumping the bed-clothes, "teach thy Granny to suck eggs! Pretty times indeed when a lad as has scarce cut his eye-teeth gets agate o' lecturin' his Parents. Off wi' thee to the garden and let's have more doin' and less pratin'."

Thereupon, realizing that there was nothing more to be said, I took off my coat and went away very humbly to join Patty.

For many days after, Sir Jocelyn and Mrs. Dorothy met regularly by my Father's bedside; and though they discoursed but little in a direct fashion with each other, I could not but fancy that the intimacy advanced apace. And Patty was of the same way of thinking, and would sometimes ask me with an arch look who had been in the right, and whether female wits were not, after all, the quickest. And sometimes she would inquire with mock commiseration how I would like to wear the willow (pretending on these occasions to have forgot my confession in the garden), and at other times she would rub her hands and chuckle, and desire to know if I did not consider that Mrs. Ullathorne would make a beautiful Lady Gillibrand, and exclaim over the wrath and discomfiture of the present sole owner of that title.

*The London Times.*

And though I still tried to believe in Mrs. Dorothy's constancy, there were days when I could not but think regretfully of my Master fretting in exile, and wonder what he would say did he know how much of her company his lady bestowed on another man, and of the quiet but determined siege which the latter laid to her heart. It was true many little circumstances conspired to bring this state of affairs about; to begin with these were busy times with us, and my Father would have passed many lonely hours had it not been for these visits of hers; then again her own affairs perforce occupied her during the day, so that her evenings alone were free. But, indeed, had she timed her visits earlier it would have availed her little, for Sir Jocelyn would have made sure of appearing at the same moment, bringing his papers.

Thus, as I say, Sir Jocelyn stayed by while Mrs. Dorothy read aloud in her clear voice; and when she paused to make the meaning of a word or sentence plainer to my Father, he would chime in; and when she broke off to laugh over some droll sentiment or curlous conceit, she would catch his eye, which was, to be sure, never very far from her face, and they would enjoy the humor of the writer together. I could not help thinking that, quite unconsciously, she learned to expect this unspoken sympathy and even to appeal to it, and though I was sometimes uneasy I could not blame her, for after all she was a woman of parts and understanding, and Sir Jocelyn alone, of all her acquaintance in our neighborhood, was her equal alike in wit and in rank.

*(To be continued.)*

## WHY IS RUSSIA WEAK?

I do not think it is necessary to waste much time to prove that Russia is weak. Of course we speak comparatively. Russia may be stronger than Turkey or Persia, but, in speaking of a State which occupies about one-sixth of the globe and counts about 130 millions of population, we have a right to expect from it something immeasurably more than we do from a petty Asiatic despotism.

The weakness of Russia has been patent to anyone who cared to study the conditions of this country long before the Russo-Japanese war broke out. I am not one of those critics who think that because the Russian fleet in the Pacific Ocean is destroyed, or because the Russian army has been beaten at Nan-shan by a superior force, that therefore Russia has proved herself to be weak. The Fortune of War proves nothing except that one army at a certain moment and at a certain place is stronger than the other.

The weakness of Russia is much deeper and shows itself in more extensive symptoms than the defeats on the battlefields of Lao-tung. The true Russian patriots saw it long before there was war, in spite of the foreign apologists of Russian government. The Russo-Japanese war only made it clearer to the less observant eyes, whether in Russia itself or abroad. The flash and the thunder of the guns on the heights of Kiu-lien-chiu and on the waters of the Korean Sea only brought it into greater prominence, and made it clear to every thinking man in the world. What really proves Russian weakness are not the numbers of soldiers killed and wounded and ships lost, but her impotence in finance, in national morality, in education of the people, in social institutions and statesman-

ship. The failure, the almost complete bankruptcy in relation to all these points have long been evident to all. Anyone could see that whereas the nations of Western Europe are progressing materially, socially, and morally, Russia alone among the civilized nations is lagging behind, and practically shows no improvement, no progress for the last forty or fifty years, just for the period during which other peoples have made the greatest steps forward.

Take the finances. What great European country other than Russia borrows so much money abroad? Did France borrow one farthing abroad even to pay her five milliards of francs of war contribution? When England, after having spent on the Transvaal War about 200 millions of pounds, tried to put on the American money market a paltry loan of 10,000,000 pounds, there was an outcry in the Press and Parliament against this "favoring the foreigner."

Even great productive undertakings like the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal in Germany were executed without foreign money. But Russia, in spite of her "powerfulness," immensity, and political prestige, is practically not able to raise a single loan at home without offering the attractions of a State lottery, and from year to year piles up her national debt to foreigners. Nay, her foreign politics are to a very great extent subject to this need of foreign loans. Out of the 750 millions of pounds which Russia owes, only a sum of about 100 millions has been officially put before the home subscriber, although in reality the greater part even of this sum has been subscribed by the foreign banks.

Such are the finances of Russia, which only reflect the economic condi-

tion of the people. To judge of this condition it is only necessary to remember the famines and the general misery in which the peasantry and the mass of the townspeople in Russia live.

Or turn to the education and social life of the people. The supply of schools and teachers for all the children of school-age is still in Russia an almost inaccessible ideal, of which only the more hopeful social reformers dare to dream. In the year 1880, an official of the Central Statistical Department, M. Doobrovsky, after very careful calculations, showed that to provide every child with school-education Russia ought to build twelve times as many schools as she had. According to him the number of schools ought to be not less than 269,000, whereas there were altogether only about 22,000. But since 1880 the population has considerably increased, and the rate of providing schools has been far from keeping pace with this increase. Hence we may surely hold that the deficiency of schools has not diminished for the last twenty-three years, and the calculations of M. Doobrovsky are still, in a great degree, applicable to the present conditions. At any rate the latest statistics on which we can more or less rely give us the numbers of children in schools in European Russia as about 2,800,000,<sup>1</sup> which, when compared with England and Wales and taking into consideration the respective populations, forms about one-eighth of school-age children. That is, for every eight children attending school in England we have in Russia only one. In 1898, according to the official reports, there were in the whole of Russia, inclusive of Siberia and the other provinces in Asia, 4,203,246 children who attended schools. This information, we must say, is very untrustworthy,

and is rather exaggerated; but even this number is about five or six times less than it ought to be, if there were universal and obligatory elementary education. As an illustration of this lack of elementary education, it may perhaps not be out of place to mention here that the Cossacks, especially those of the Asiatic provinces, who so much occupy at present the minds of newspaper readers, are the best supplied with elementary schools, and yet here are the percentages of the respective Cossack population who know how to write and read.

The "Siberian" corps, which comprised in 1890 a population of 124,498 men and women, had a percentage of 27.8 of "gramotny," that is of men and women who could read and write. The "Ussuryisk" corps had 18.7 percentage, the "Zabaikal" corps had 15.3 percentage. And these are the men who fight the Japanese, every one of whom can write and read!

In accordance with the insufficiency of education stands the comparative scarcity of newspapers. There are, in the whole of Russia, not more than about one hundred daily newspapers of general character and not belonging to the Government. In 1894, there were only eighty-nine such newspapers. And if one judges by the diagrams and statistics given by M. Lisovsky, the chief Russian authority on this subject, there has practically been no progress for the last fifteen or twenty years.

Now, a newspaper is after all a good indication, not only of the extent of literate people in the nation, but also of the level of social life, of the degree of interest which the people take in the affairs of their State and the world at large. The newspaper, by its very nature, is a product, and at the same time an instrument, of social life, and therefore the absence of a newspaper, the scarcity and paucity of periodical

<sup>1</sup> See report of the Committee for Education in Russia ("Komitet Gramotnosti") for 1892-1893. The Committee has since then been suppressed.



literature, must be taken as a sure proof of the backwardness of social life.

But there is a more striking and a more direct proof of this backwardness than the smallness of the number of newspapers, and that is the astonishingly small number of societies. Of political societies, except perhaps a few secret ones, there are certainly none. But even when you take all the scientific, literary, musical, dramatic, choral, whether amateur or professional, all the metropolitan and provincial societies of medical men, architects, teachers, gardeners, and so on, all the societies for promoting art, education, self-help, morality, &c., &c., the vegetarian, religious, and other societies of humanitarian character, you will not bring them up to more than about 260 for all the cities, towns, and villages of Russia. The enumeration of these societies of the whole of Russia would not occupy in the Post Office London Directory more than one and a half or perhaps a couple of pages.

For the purposes of this article, it is not necessary to go farther in giving illustrations of Russian backwardness. The facts which we gave above are quite sufficient to show to any one who cares to study them, that Russia's so-called "powerfulness" has for a long time been fictitious. We Russians knew very well that any war with a civilized and military Power would shake the foundations of the Russian empire, and would upset the whole structure of Russian despotism. And that is why so many of my intelligent countrymen put their hope on a European war, which they intensely desire for the sake of "freeing Russia." They know that Russia is rotten to the core, and that it is only a "lath painted to look like iron," and only requires a good shaking to put an end to the existing form of Government. They know that Russia, as a separate and independent nation, is unconquerable;

no one can subject it. But Russia, with its present form of Government, is an anachronism, an anomaly, which can only continue to exist by the grace of other European nations.

Well, what then is the real cause of this anomaly, of this exceptional defect and weakness of Russia, in spite of her vast natural material resources and highly gifted populations? The usual answer to this question is: autocracy or bureaucracy. And certainly no one will deny that the autocratic form of government, and the ruling of a nation by hordes of officials, must have had a weakening and baneful influence on the history of Russia. No one can deny that it has eaten deep into the virility, honesty, independence, and energy of the people. However, to say that autocracy and bureaucracy by themselves are the only true causes of Russia's misfortunes, seems to me rather to exaggerate their evils, and to put too much weight on any form of government. However much we abhor autocracy or bureaucracy, we still must admit that there are cases in the history of mankind when even under these baneful forms of government nations have prospered and grown strong. Russia itself leapt into the family of civilized States through the efforts of a despot, Peter the Great, who of all Russian monarchs was the most autocratic, although not the most cruel. And a highly developed bureaucratic form of government we see at present even in such a State as Germany, which to all purposes is undoubtedly not a "weak" empire. Nay, more, however paradoxical it may look, we can find bureaucracy, if not autocracy, in the present Republic of France, the greatest European democracy of our times. Thus to talk of autocracy and bureaucracy as the real cause of Russia's weakness, would hardly solve the true facts of the case.

To my mind the cause of Russian

weakness lies much deeper. It depends not on the form of Government but on the conception which the governing classes and the masses in Russia have formed of the *raison d'être* of their State. Whatever the differences of opinion may be among the philosophers and statesmen on the forms of government most suitable to the interests of the people or on the functions and limitations of the State, there is hardly any difference in their view as to the *raison d'être* of the Government itself. So long as they admit the necessity of any Government they all hold that its purpose is the well-being of the individuals inhabiting the country. Whether you believe with Hobbes in the necessity of absolutism to constrain the wolfish instincts of man, or agree with Rousseau in the nobility of man's nature and his free-will entry into a contract with his fellow-men, or whether you belong to that host of thinkers who make the State a servant of the abstract principles of justice, in each case you make the happiness, the good of the population, the chief aim of statesmanship. *Pro bono publico* seems to be the accepted motto of each State. But just this general conception of the *raison d'être* of a government has no place in Russia, however strange and incredible it may seem to most of our readers.

The Government in Russia has no connection whatsoever with the people. It is quite a separate body, if you like—a State in a State by itself. It has its own interests, its own purposes, even *its own finances*, and its own policy, quite independent of the policy of the country. The people try to live without their Government, with whom they are in constant conflict, and the Russian State, strictly speaking, is a house divided against itself.

The conception of what a State is has undergone certain changes in Russia, and one can see in this relation, a

development for the better, a development which may bring the Russian ideas of government into harmony with those of Western Europe. But the evolution is very slow, and I am afraid that it may collapse before reaching its highest point. What then is the Russian idea of statesmanship, in the philosophical sense of the word? To put it clearly and briefly, the various conceptions of the State-idea, in chronological order of evolution, may be given as follows: the Tsar, the nobility, the officials; and, lastly, the men of Russian race and creed. In this consecutive order there have been some temporary deviations and backslidings, but on the whole my chain of the ideas of statesmanship prevailing in Russia may be taken as correct.

It would certainly require too much space to enter here in detail into each stage of the evolution of these ideas. I shall, therefore, confine myself only to such remarks as will help me to make clearer the central characteristic of the Russian Government, as distinct from any other now existing among civilized mankind.

The idea, in Russia, that the Tsar is the proprietor of the country, of the land as well as of everything on it, men and cattle, is a very old one. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the princes, the so-called *udelnnye knyazya*, looked upon their principalities, not as States or social organizations, but as private estates.<sup>2</sup> And accordingly the government of the various principalities was only a replica of any private estate of those times. When with the growth of the State and with the disappearance of the separate principalities the government became centralized in the hands of one "great prince," known afterwards as "Tsar of all the Russias," the mode of ruling the country still continued on the

<sup>2</sup> "Boyarskaya Duma," by V. Kluchevsky, Moscow 1883.

former basis of private ownership, and the *Duma* in Moscow (the council of "boyars") was, in reality, only an office of the estate, where the Tsar's clerks and servants were employed. At that remote time Russia existed as a State only because it was for the good of her owner, her "proprietor," in relation to whom every Russian stood only as a slave. And this was the accepted idea. The Russians looked upon themselves, not as "subjects," but as "slaves," and in addressing petitions to the Great Prince or later to the Tsar they usually called themselves "thy slave," and the monarch was called "Gosudar," that is "slave owner." This was not only a matter of form, but it expressed truly the then existing relations between the head of the State and the rest of the population.

However, by degrees there grew up a large class of "boyars," themselves slave-owners, who naturally claimed a partnership in the Tsar's property. At first they met a "terrible" opponent in Ivan IV., but after his death they won the battle, and since then has arisen a class of "nobility" which, together with the Tsar, claimed that Russia belongs to them alone, and that no other can enjoy her citizenship, except on condition of serving the nobility, that is, of being a slave or proving in other ways useful to the nobles and the Tsar. It was the Tsar Boris Godunov who, trying to gain the sympathies of the nobility, "tied" to them the peasants as "serfs." Since then, for some time, politically speaking, there was no "people," no nation in Russia. The State consisted of the Tsar and of the nobility, who were not necessarily Russians. Any foreigner could be made by the Tsar a noble and a slave-owner, and thus hundreds and thousands of the so-called Russian nobles are Poles, Tartars, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Italians, &c. Practically any adventurer who came

to Russia and found his way to the Court or to the influential councillors of the Tsar was made a "noble," which title gave the right of owning serfs. This abuse of bestowing "nobility," sometimes on quite unworthy men, the riffraff of European society, was especially great in the eighteenth century, when court hairdressers, merchants, comedians, teachers, valets, cooks, &c., having found favor with their august masters, were made great landowners and masters of whole villages of serfs.

But with the nobility, since the reign of Peter the Great, there begins to arise a new class of "proprietor" of the Russian State, and these are the officials. Peter the Great introduced in 1722 the Table of Ranks, which divided all servants of the State into fourteen "ranks." Before this there was no separate class of officials. The nobility by their birthright occupied also all the military and civil functions which used to be divided according to the right of precedence the family enjoyed. Thus a man of "more noble" origin occupied a higher place comparatively than a man of lesser nobility. This state of things was abolished by Peter the Great, who in place of origin put personal service, which found its reward in promotion according to the Table of Ranks. Hence a man, whatever his family precedence might be, could not occupy a certain place if he had not got the necessary rank (*tchin*). And although practically no man could become an official if not of "noble" origin, still after the reform of Peter the Great the class of nobles and the class of officials became two distinct classes. And the gulf between nobles and officials increased.

With the increase of the Empire, with the complication of State functions and general rise of civilization, the number of officials grew enormously and rapidly, till they became quite an army

by themselves, and although they did not present any corporate body, there grew up among them a separate corporate and hereditary feeling founded on common interests. The children and the grandchildren of officials became themselves officials, and in their turn bred whole generations of officials.

And so on till the 19th of February, 1861, that is up to the date of the abolition of serfdom, there were in Russia, so to speak, only three partners who owned the Empire: the Tsar, the nobles, and the officials. All the other people had no share, no voice, no rights. The peasants had been serfs, they had only duties and no rights; they had been born only to toil and to work on behalf of their masters. There was no other reason for their existence, and they themselves knew it very well. For them, for these peasants who constituted almost 90 per cent. of the Russian population, the idea of a State having for its object the well-being of all its inhabitants did not exist.

Then there were the townspeople, merchants and traders, the so-called *meshchanye*. They kept the shops, were skilled mechanics, small traders, and so on. This class of people, who, except the Jews and other non-Russian races, usually were freed serfs or descended from serfs, were tolerated only on account of their usefulness, but were not looked upon as citizens of a great State. They belonged to the tax-paying class (*podatnoe soslovie*) in contradistinction to the officials and nobles, who had been free from any tax (except the capitation tax for every living serf). The townspeople were only as a cow to be milked; nay even worse than a cow, who yields her milk voluntarily, for the blackmailing, squeezing, and the spoliation which the taxpaying class underwent, till the reign of Alexander II., was terrible. The police, the judges, the chiefs of the town, their deputies and their clerks, their servants

and their friends, all looked upon the rest of the population as a preserve especially kept for their use.

Only after the abolition of serfdom and the introduction of other reforms in the reign of Alexander II., there arose in Russia what may properly be called a nation, a people, all the members of which began to look upon their State as upon an organization which must be of benefit to each one of them. The old idea that the State is only for the good of the Tsar, the nobility, and the officials is rapidly changing, and has almost entirely disappeared. As soon as they had been liberated the people began to claim their share in the government of the country. The ruling partners still in possession of the country cling to their privileges, and do not wish to give way. Alexander III. even tried to turn back to the order of things which existed centuries ago in making the "nobility" again the masters of the peasantry. He created the most abominable post of "*zemsky nachalnik*," that is, of chief over the peasantry, and abrogated several of the important reforms of his father. But all his reactionary efforts could not stop the political evolution of Russia. The people become more and more clamorous, and at present Russia is on the brink of revolution.

However, it would be too rash to say that the Russians have wholly assimilated the European conception of a State. And here comes the danger of the progressive movement. It seems that the people of Russia are now going to repeat the mistake which (quite intentionally, was made by the former three partners. As the officials, the Tsar, and the nobles thought that Russia was wholly theirs and only theirs, and that no other people could have any share in it, so also the new claimers of partnership seem to think that Russia belongs only to men of one race and one religion, and to no others. And

this race is the Russian race and the religion is the Greek-Orthodox. No Poles, Finns, Jews, Armenians, no Germans, nobody has a right to Russian citizenship, except the Greek-Orthodox Russian. For them are all the privileges of the State. For them are the high and the low offices, the army and the navy, the railways, the post-offices and telegraphs, the professions of the law and medicine, of the engineer and electrician, for them and only for them are the mountains on the Caucasus, the pastures in Central Asia, the blue sea and the black manufactory-chimneys. Many people in Europe think that the oppression in Finland is directed solely against the political institutions. The constitution in Finland by itself may have been a thorn in the flesh of Russian autocracy, but it is not the constitution which evoked the suppression of the privileges in Finland. It is the greed of the Russian national party, the impossibility to live on the toil of the Finns that aroused their anger. A Russian (I am speaking here of the dominating national party) could not brook the idea that Finland is not the *property* of Russians, and that the railways and post-offices, not to speak of the local and central Government offices, are actually occupied by natives and not by their masters, the Russians. Since the reign of the reactionary Alexander III. there was always a cry among the Russians concerning Finland, that they are not masters in their *own* country, meaning by this, that all the salaried places are not occupied by Greek-Orthodox Russians, but by the Swedes and Finns.

In the whole of Poland there is practically not one Pole occupying a considerable post either in Government offices, on the railways, or courts-of-law, nor certainly in the army.

The three partners which form a sort of company with a limited liability,

seeing that the end of their domination is near, prefer to admit nationalists as members into their partnership rather than give up their hold on the country altogether, and make of every Russian, whether Greek-Orthodox, Slav, or Tartar, a citizen of one great Empire. The Government, therefore, tries to play a very complicated game: it encourages and abates the national spirit in playing it off against the constitutional party, and at the same time strongly withholding from the people any share in the government of the country. As an illustration of this policy I may give the recent order of the Minister of the Interior that not one Russian, if he be not strictly Greek-Orthodox and a born Russian, can be helped by the State to settle in the Caucasus or in Central Asia, and at the same time the rights of the Press and Provincial Assemblies are getting more and more restricted. It is a very difficult game, which must very soon collapse.

Meanwhile the partners are doing their best to get as much as possible from their "property." The greatest share certainly falls to the Tsar, who still remains the chief partner. Looking upon Russia as on private property, the Tsar and his family appropriate the best land, forests, mountains, and rivers. In Siberia, the Tsar turned the richest mining districts of Altai and Nerchinsk into personal property, the *yassak* (capitation-tax, called "tribute") imposed on the nomadic Siberian tribes, the great stone-cutting and stone-polishing works on the Ural, &c. In the Caucasus the Emperor's family appropriated "the Pearl of the Caucasus," the Borzhom Estate which is near Tiflis, and the most healthy and beautiful strip of land of Abbas-Tuman near Battum. In the Crimea, the Tsar took a large streak in the mountains by Yalta and in other places on the sea-front. When Merv was conquered the



Tsar as first partner at once took the best part of the oasis on the Murgab, the Murgab Estate of the Gosudar, on the improvement of which place millions of the people's money was spent, and is still being spent. All these estates, works, mines, &c., are managed by the so-called Cabinet of his Majesty, and constitute quite a distinct personal property apart from the Department of Crown Domains (*Vedomstvo Udelov*), which manages the property of the whole Imperial family.

Besides this share in goods, the Chief Partner also gets a very nice share in ready cash. To speak of the amount which the Tsar receives annually would be preposterous, simply because he gets as much as he likes and wants, and there is no one who can dare to stop him. According to the Russian Budget, which is generally a very untrustworthy document, the Imperial House gets about £1,700,000, but this sum does not include expenses for travel and any other so-called State-functions, which are defrayed out of other branches of expenditure, like the war, navy, Ministry of Interior, and so on. Then when the Tsar wants money to give somebody, he simply tells the Minister of Finance to pay it, and it is the latter's business to find it—and to make ends meet.

After the Tsar comes the nobility, which gets on the whole a greater share

than the Tsar and his family. There are schools, banks, almshouses and Funds kept by the State exclusively for the benefit of the nobility. Then lands and estates are given away for nothing to the "deserving" or impoverished "nobles." Especially when nobles become favorites of the Tsar, even in recent days, like Myatleva, Count Ignatyev, Bezobrasov, they are presented with enormous sums of money by the order of the Tsar. During the last few years the nobility was offered land "for nothing" in Siberia, whereas it was refused to peasants.

But besides direct benefits, the nobility gets its share indirectly by keeping almost all the best appointments in the Government offices, and by lordling over the peasantry as landowners.

The third partner, the officials, in which are included all the priests, take what they can directly in the way of salaries, pensions, emoluments, and, indirectly, by bribes, thefts, and embezzlements.

Such are the partners who have appropriated Russia, and such are the conceptions in Russia of what is a State.

Certainly for long the best Russian intellects have grasped the true weakness of Russia, and discovered it precisely in this absence of a real understanding of the duties of a young European State.

S. I. Rybakoff.

The Independent Review.

### THOMAS CAMPBELL.<sup>1</sup>

Campbell shares with Longfellow the position of the favorite poet in elementary schools, where verse is learnt by heart as an exercise. There his good poems and his bad poems are

equally appreciated: *Lord Ullin's Daughter* neither more nor less than *Hohenlinden*, and *The Harper* than the *Battle of the Baltic*. In his own lifetime Byron could say, meaning what he said: "We

<sup>1</sup> The "Golden Treasury" has just admitted Campbell into an enclosure which, though Southey has crept into it, and Thomas Moore,

and Arthur Hugh Clough, has for the most part been reserved for genuine poets. He comes introduced by a member of his own family, Pro-

are all wrong except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell." It could be said, without apparent extravagance, by Campbell's not too considerate biographer, Cyrus Redding, that one of his long poems, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, "combines in itself the best characteristics of the classic and romantic styles, in that just medium which forms the truest principle for modern poetry"; and of the other equally famous long poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, that it belonged to "that species of poetical composition which can alone be expected to attain in the eyes of true taste a classical and healthy longevity." He was blamed for his too conscious and too deliberate art, for "the smell of the lamp" which clung about his verse. To-day his audience is found on the lower benches of day-schools; that audience has been faithful to him for at least two generations; but it has never heard of *Gertrude of Wyoming* or of *The Pleasures of Hope*, in which Campbell's contemporaries saw "intimations" for him "of immortality."

The problem is curious, and there are complications in it; for, while all the bookish and ambitious verse has been forgotten, some of the simple verse which has remained popular is not less worthless, while some of it, a very little, has qualities more or less unique in English poetry. How are we to explain these compromises and caprices of posterity?

Campbell lived his whole life at a great distance from reality, always believing what he wanted to believe and denying what he did not want to believe. He was not a dreamer who could transpose the worlds and be content in either; he was fitful, essentially unreal, a faint-hearted evader of reality. In a conversation which might have come direct out of *The Egoist*, he is

seen defending Mrs. Siddons against a criticism whose justice he does not actually dispute, by saying pettishly: "I won't admit her want of excellence in anything. She is an old friend of mine." Himself a persistent critic of his own work, he forgave no other critic, and refused to correct an error which had been discovered by any one but himself. He despised his own *Hohenlinden*, which he called a "damned drum and trumpet thing," and only printed to please Scott. The famous false rhyme in the last stanza—"sepulchre" for what should be sounded "sepulchry"—he neither admitted nor denied, neither blamed nor defended. We see him wondering whether such a word as "sepulchry" ever existed, half wishing that it did, yet refusing to adopt it, and concluding weakly that the word as it is "reads well alone, if we forget that there should be a concinnity with the preceding lines." He was fastidious without taste, full of alarmed susceptibility; so that when he was editing Colbourn's *New Monthly* he disliked his best contributor, the one who brought him most that was new, Hazlitt, and was with difficulty persuaded to accept the epical essay on the prize-fight.

The truth is that Campbell was a sentimental egoist, the Sir Willoughby Patterne of poets. His incapability of realizing things as they are, until the realization was forced upon him by some crisis, explains that unreality, that vague rosy tinge, which we find in almost all of his poetry which professes to deal with actual life. In life, as in poetry, the real force of things was not to be wholly evaded. There is a story told of how a stranger repeated to him the words of an old Welsh bard: "My wife is dead, my son is mad, my harp is unstrung," and how Campbell

professor Lewis Campbell, who has his right there as a scholar in poetry. Professor Campbell, in an introduction which is a model of discretion,

demands no more than a respectful hearing, and a re-consideration of claims that have been overlooked rather than disputed.

burst into tears, for the burden of the trial might have been his own. These profound distresses, it is true, he never met fairly. He tried to forget them, in what his biographers call "convivial company," in change of abode; even in unnecessary hack-work. He regarded, we are told, "poetical composition as a labor," and the inclination for it "came upon him only at rare intervals." It may be that "his slowness of composition was," as he says of Carew, "evidently that sort of care in the poet which saves trouble to his reader." But not only did he write with labor; poetry was never to him a means of self-expression.

It was the age when poets set themselves tasks in verse, and to Campbell as a young man Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory*, itself descended from Aken-side's *Pleasures of Imagination*, presented itself as a model of what should be attempted. He found it easy, in *The Pleasures of Hope*, to surpass his models, but, though one of its lines is continually on our lips to-day,

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,

the smooth meandering of verse, with its Micawber-like cheerfulness, becomes drearier and more dismal as we read; and when we have reached

Come, bright Improvement, on the car  
of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime  
to clime,

we begin to wonder by what cottage-side poetry has gone to live in the land. With Wordsworth, perhaps, whose *Lyri-cal Ballads* have just been published, to the derision of a polite public which applauds *The Pleasures of Hope*.

Tastes change, they say, and tastes do change, though taste does not. But there is one touchstone which may be applied, apart from all technical qualities, all rules of metre or fashions of

speech, whenever verse has a plain thing to say. The verse which takes what has already been finely and adequately said in prose, and makes of it something inferior in mere directness and expressiveness of statement, cannot be good verse. This is what Campbell found in the Bible: "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he wept, thus he said: O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" And this is what Campbell made of it in *The Pleasures of Hope*:

"My Absalom!" the voice of Nature  
cried,  
"Oh that for thee thy father could have  
died!  
For bloody was the deed, and rashly  
done,  
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my  
son!"

In this poem one seems to catch the last gasp of the eighteenth century; in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, published ten years later, we are in the century of *Childe Harold* and the romantic tales. *Gertrude* is a tepid romance, such as school-girls may dream after reading books of improving travel; a thing all feminine and foppish, written by the man, "dressed sprucely," whom Byron calls up for us: "A blue coat becomes him—so does his new wig." The blue coat and the new wig are never far away from these Pennsylvanian forests, with their panthers, palm-trees, and flamingoes of the tropics. Unreality is in every languid line.

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er un-  
couth)  
That true to nature's fervid feelings  
ran  
(And song is but the eloquence of  
truth),

says Campbell, vaguely; and I suppose he believed himself to have been "true to nature's fervid feelings" in his

record of the respectable loves of Gertrude and Waldegrave. "Never insensible to female beauty," says the commentator, Cyrus Redding, "and fond of the society of women, it was singular that Campbell, the poet of sentiment and imagery, should have written little or nothing breathing of ardent affection." Campbell's was, in his own affected phrase.

The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone;

and here as elsewhere one can imagine him to have been genuinely touched by what, in his way of telling it, fails to touch us. When people read *Gertrude of Wyoming* they had acquired a taste for poetical narratives; since Rousseau, the virtues of forest folk were esteemed; and the poem, no doubt, responded to some occasion in the public mind. I have tried to find a single line of genuine poetry in its thin trickle of verse, but I have found none. There is in it a little more of what used to be called "fancy" than in the much later, wholly unsuccessful *Theodric*; but it is not appreciably nearer to poetry. "The pearly dew of sensibility," which Hazlitt discovered in its recesses, has not, as he thought it would, "distilled and collected, like the diamond in the mine"; nor does "the structure of his fame," according to the singular metaphor, "rest on the crystal columns of a polished imagination."

Yet other props and embellishments must be knocked away from the structure of Campbell's fame before we can distinguish what is really permanent in it. There is, first of all, the series of romantic ballads. In *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and the rest Campbell writes with a methodical building up of circumstantial emotion which in the end becomes ludicrous, from its "more than usual order." Few escape absurdity, but I doubt whether any parodist has

ever equalled the quite serious conclusion of *The Ritter Bann*:

Such was the throb and mutual sob  
Of the Knight embracing Jane.

Here and there, in a homelier story, Campbell seems to be trying to imitate Wordsworth, as in the foolish *Child and Hind* and the less foolish *Napoleon and the British Sailor*; and once, in *The Parrot of Mull: A Domestic Anecdote*, he seems to have almost caught the knack, and the piece might take its place, not unworthily, among Wordsworth's second-rate work of that kind.

Another sort of work which Campbell attempted with much immediate success, and for which he is still remembered in the school-room, is a kind of pathetic ballad which appeals almost indecently to the emotions: I mean such pieces as *The Exile of Erin*, *The Harper*, *The Wounded Hussar*. There is emotion in them, but the emotion, when it is not childish, is genteel. I scarcely know whether the misfortunes of "poor dog Tray" or of the "wounded hussar" are to be taken the less seriously; the latter, perhaps, by just the degree in which it aims at a more serious effect. "And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming": it is of the soldier he speaks, not of the dog. But it is in a better poem, *The Exile of Erin*, that we see most clearly the difference and the cause of the difference between Campbell's failures and successes in precisely what he could do best in the expression of patriotic feeling. *The Exile of Erin* is one of those many poems, written, often, by men who would have died for the convictions expressed in them, but written with so hackneyed and commonplace a putting of that passion into words that the thing comes to us lifeless, and stirs in us no more of a thrill than the casual street-singer's "Home, sweet Home," drawled out for pence and a supper.

Conviction, it should always be remembered, personal sincerity, though it is an important ingredient in the making of a patriotic or national poem, is but one ingredient among many; and there is one of these which is even more important: poetical impulse, which is a very different thing from personal impulse. I have no doubt that the personal impulse of *The Exile of Erin* was at least as sincere as that of *Hohenlinden*; I should say it was probably much more deeply felt; but here the poetical energy lags behind the energy of conviction; the effort to be patriotic and to draw an affecting moral is undisguised; the result is a piece of artistic insincerity. In *Hohenlinden* some wandering spark has alighted; the wind has carried it, and one knows not from whence; only, a whole beacon is ablaze.

*Hohenlinden* is a poem made wholly out of very obvious materials, and made within very narrow limits, to which it owes its intensity. Campbell had precisely that mastery of the obvious which makes memorable lines, such as "Distance lends enchantment to the view," or "Coming events cast their shadows before," which we remember as we remember truisms, almost ashamed at doing so. They contain no poetic suggestion, they are no vital form of poetic speech; but they make statements to which verse lends a certain emphasis by its limiting form or enclosure. Very often Campbell uses this steady emphasis when no emphasis is needed, as in this kind of verse, for instance:

I mark his proud but ravaged form,  
As stern he wraps his mantle round,  
And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,  
Defiance to the storm.

This is merely meant for the picture of the friendless man, not a Byronic Corsair; and here the emphasis is above all a defect of the visual sense; he can-

not see simply with the mind's eye. In such poems as the powerful and unpoetical *Last Man* the emphasis is like a conscious rigidity of bearing on parade, a military earnestness of rhetoric. The lines march with feet keeping time with the drill-master; and the wonder and terror which should shake in the heart of the poem are frozen at the source. In the genuine success of *Hohenlinden* every line is a separate emphasis, but all the emphasis is required by the subject, is in its place. The thud and brief repeated monotony of the metre gives the very sound of cannonading; each line is like a crackle of musketry. What is obvious in it, even, comes well into a poem which depends on elements so simple for its success, indeed its existence.

The one fixed passion in Campbell's shifting soul seems to have been the passion for liberty. The dust from Kosciusko's grave, cast by a Polish patriot into the grave of Campbell in Westminster Abbey, was a last appropriate homage to one who had always been "the sanguine friend of freedom."

He was the patriot of all oppressed countries, and his love for his own country was only part of that wider human enthusiasm. His love of England was quickened, or brought to poetic heat, by a love of the sea, and by a curiously vivid appreciation of the life and beauty of warships. In his controversy with Bowles, as to the place of nature and of art in poetry, his most effective argument was drawn from a warship. "Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. . . . It



was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity." Something of this "mental transport," as he elsewhere describes it, this sense of the beauty and grandeur of the actual circumstances of sea-fighting, came, along with the patriotic fervor, into his two naval odes, *Ye Mariners of England* and *The Battle of the Baltic*, his two really great poems.

*Ye Mariners of England* has a finer poetic substance than *Hohenlinden* and a more original metrical scheme, here, as there, curiously well adapted to its subject. The heavy pauses and loud rushes: "And sweep through the deep," with its checked flow and onset; "When the stormy winds do blow," twice repeated, with a vehement motion, and an exultation as of wind and water: conscious art has here, for once, caught hands with a fiercer impulse, and wrought better than it knew. Even here, however, the impulse is on the wane before the last stanza is over; and that last stanza has been made for logic's sake rather than for any more intimate need.

And even in *The Battle of the Baltic*, where Campbell reaches his highest height, there are flaws, weaknesses, trifling perhaps, but evident here and there; touches of false poetizing, like the line in the last stanza: "And the mermaid's song condoes." But the manliness, haughty solemnity, the blithe courage and confidence of the poem, and also the invention of the metre (an afterthought, as we know, introduced when the poem was cut down from twenty-seven stanzas of six lines each into eight stanzas of nine) are things unique in English. The structure, with its long line moving slowly to the pause, at which the three heavily-weighted, yet, as it were, proudly prancing syllables fall over and are matched by the three syllables which make the last line, the whole rhythmical scheme, unlike anything

that had been done before, has left its mark upon whatever in that line has been done finely since: upon Browning in *Hercé Riel*, upon Tennyson in *The Revenge*. And if any one thinks that this kind of masterpiece is hardly more than the natural outcome of a fervid patriotic impulse, let him turn to others of Campbell's poems full of an even lustier spirit of patriotism, to poems as bad as the *Stanzas on the Threatened Invasion*, 1803, or as comparatively good as *Men of England*, and he will see just how far the personal impulse will carry a poet of uncertain technique in the absence of adequate poetic impulse and adequate poetic technique.

In much of Campbell's work there is a kind of shallow elegance, a turn of phrase which is neat, but hardly worth doing at all if it is done no better. Read the little complimentary verses to ladies, and think of Lovelace; read *The Beech-Tree's Petition*, with its nice feeling and words without atmosphere, and think of Marvell's garden-verses, in which every line has perfume and radiance. The work is so neat, so rounded and polished; like waxen flowers under glass shades; no nearer to nature or art.

In the *Valedictory Stanzas to Kemble* there is a definition of "taste," which shows us something of Campbell's theory and aim in art:—

Taste, like the silent dial's power,  
That, when supernal light is given,  
Can measure inspiration's hour,  
And tell its height in heaven.

And he defines the mind of the actor as "at once ennobled and correct." Always laboring to be "at once ennobled and correct," Campbell is never visited by any poetic inspiration, except in those few poems in which he has not been more sincere, or chosen better, than usual, but has been more lucky, and able to carry an uncertain tech-

nique further. That, and not emotion, or sincerity, or anything else, is what distinguishes what is good from what

is bad in his work, even in those poems which have given our literature its greatest war-songs.

The Fortnightly Review.

Arthur Symonds.

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MR. BROWN AND TILLY.

"Sign, please?"

"Gloves, two-and-eleven-three; handkerchiefs, six-and-four-pence-halfpenny; lace——"

"Please, Florrie, would you mind signing? The lady has just gone across to the smallwares, and said she was in a great hurry, and wanted to have her change and the parcel all ready by the time she came back."

"I suppose she thinks nobody's in a hurry but herself," returned Florrie, a much befringed young person, with a sallow face and a marvellous figure. "Do get away, Tilly; can't you see I'm serving? Ask Miss Gunne."

"I have asked her," returned Tilly, almost tearfully, "but she won't."

"Well, ask Mr. Brown, then; it's what he's for."

The bewildered neophyte glanced towards a magnificent person in a frock-coat, who at that moment was standing with his back to them, and gave a kind of gasp. "Oh, Florrie, I don't like——"

"I'll call him for you, if that's all. Don't be such a silly! Mr. Brown—Mr. Brown, will you come here a minute, please? Here's my cousin doesn't dare ask you to sign."

Mr. Brown turned round, and came forward, laughing. He was a good-looking man of about thirty, tall and broad-shouldered, with a very fine moustache, and a pair of roguish dark eyes. He bent these eyes now on the alarmed Tilly, kindly, if somewhat quizzically, and took her book from her hand.

"I'm sure you needn't be afraid of me, Miss——? I don't think you have introduced me to your cousin, Miss Finley," he added, turning to Florrie.

"Haven't I? Well, I will now. Mr. Brown, let me introduce you to Miss Matilda House."

"House?" echoed Mr. Brown, with a laugh, as he scrawled certain hieroglyphics at the end of the bill.

"Yes, House. It's a Donset name—my cousin comes straight from the country; she's nice and green still, as I dare say you'd find out if you tried. Here, you may sign for me too while you're about it."

Mr. Brown ran his eye over the various items of the bill which she held out to him, scribbled his cabalistic sign, and moved away, without noticing her coquettish glance. But as he passed Tilly he paused and smiled.

"I might have known you were from the country," he remarked, gazing approvingly at the girl's fresh face, and at the fair hair, remarkable both for brilliancy and abundance, but arranged with none of the elaborateness affected by the other girls who jostled each other behind the long counters.

Tilly smiled back, sweetly and shyly, and he noticed as she glanced up that she had very pretty blue eyes.

"I feel quite lost in London," she returned, impelled to be confidential. "My cousins think me terribly stupid."

"You'll soon get used to London ways," said he. "London is a fine place, Miss House. Have you done any sight-seeing yet?"

"Not yet," returned Tilly. "My aunt is going to take me to see the wax-works when she has time."

Mr. Brown was beginning some laughing rejoinder when a new batch of customers made its appearance, and, by the time he had asked one if she was being attended to, and had directed another to the silk department, and placed a chair for a third, Tilly was serving. By-and-by, however, he chanced to be again near the spot where she stood, and she summoned him timidly: "Would you mind signing again, please, Mr. Brown?"

"In some ways Dorset can outdo London," he murmured, as he once more bent over her.

"How do you mean?" she inquired.

"In the growing of roses," said he, with an admiring glance at her soft cheeks.

"Mr. Brown is getting quite poetical!" tittered Miss Gunne, who happened to be passing with a box full of vellings.

He feigned not to notice her, and addressed himself to Tilly:

"There is one item here that is not quite correct. Two yards net at one-and-eleven-three doesn't make four shillings and a halfpenny. You are doing your customer out of a whole penny!"

He altered the figures and moved away, laughing.

Tilly laughed too, and blushed.

"Aren't we affable!" remarked Miss Gunne, behind Tilly's back, to Florrie.

"For all that it means!" returned Florrie. "He generally picks up the New Brooms, doesn't he?"

"He soon drops them again, though," responded Miss Gunne. She restored her drawer to its place, and strolled back to her customer, inquiring "Anything more to-day?" in a tone which signified that the answer would leave her unmoved.

Tilly did not quite understand the drift of the preceding remarks, and

was, indeed, too much occupied with her anxiety to discharge her new duties in a creditable manner to have time to dwell on them. She was, however, in better spirits than she had hitherto been since her arrival in this bewildering new world; she began to see her way more clearly, and the solving of what had hitherto been her chief difficulty was an immense relief. Mr. Brown's good nature had put her at her ease; she would always ask him to sign, in future, and if she did make a mistake in these terrible figures she thought he would be kind about it.

She called his services into requisition several times that day, and it was remarkable that though several other young ladies made similar applications, Tilly was the only one to whom he vouchsafed a word and a smile in handing back the book.

"Mr. Brown has taken up Tilly," remarked Miss Finley to her brother and sister—who were also employed in different departments of the same establishment—as they walked home together, after shutting-up time. "Tilly's quite cocky; but she needn't be if she knew. Most of us down there have been through the same thing—it don't mean anything."

"Don't you let yourself think there is anything particular, Tilly," advised Edith, who was "in the furs," and inclined to be consequential, owing to having been lately promoted to try on capes and boas. "There is not a girl in the front shop that he hasn't taken notice of some time or other."

"Lord, yes!" put in Bob, the brother, with a grin. "He is a one, Brown is—a regular right-down heartless flirt. Don't you trust him, Tilly, my dear, if you value your peace of mind."

"I'm sure I don't know why you are all going on at me," exclaimed Tilly. "I never said nothing about Mr. Brown. I am not thinking of anything, except I am very glad he doesn't mind signing

for me. I used to be afraid to ask him, but I am not now."

"That's all right," commented Florrie, a little acidly. "I wish it may last. But you may depend he will be snapping your nose off soon, like he does to the rest of us—so don't raise your hopes, my dear."

Mr. Brown, however, continued to be very kind to Tilly, and when Friday evening came was even so condescending as to ask her how she intended to spend the afternoon of the morrow.

"Oh, I expect I shall stay at home with my aunt and help her clean up," returned Tilly, naively.

Her cousins had often lamented a certain countrified coarseness of speech in Tilly; thus she often exclaimed "Lord ha' mercy me," when she was astonished, instead of "Good gracious!" and, in moments of enthusiasm, prefixed a sentence with the interjection, "There!" Bob had endeavored to correct her of this last-named habit by inquiring humorously "Where?" on these occasions, but so far had not succeeded.

If Tilly had had a particle of refinement she would no doubt have owned to "engagements at home," instead of making use of so vulgar an expression as "cleaning up." Had her elegant cousins known of it, their wrath and disgust would have been extreme.

"That sounds very dull," said Mr. Brown. "They oughtn't to make a Cinderella of you."

"Oh! they don't; they are terrible good to me." (That was another of Tilly's blunders; she would always say "terrible" instead of "awfully"). "I shouldn't have got into the shop—into business, I mean—if it hadn't ha' been for them."

"But you want a holiday sometimes, surely," said he. "Come—let your aunt do without you for once, and come with me to the Pop."

"What's the Pop?" queried Tilly.

She was pink up to the roots of her pretty sunny hair.

"You little innocent! have you never heard of the Saturday Pops? Concerts—Popular Concerts; you can hear the best music that is to be had, for a shilling. You are fond of music, I am sure?"

"Indeed, I am," cried she. She had heard none except that produced by the church choir, or the town band, at home, but she was sure that she loved it. But inviting though the prospect was, she would not succumb to temptation.

"I don't think I can leave my aunt," she said. "All the others are going out, and she is counting on me."

"I do call that a shame," cried Mr. Brown. "Mind, I shall count on you next Saturday. One of your cousins may stay at home—that will be only fair. Well, is it a bargain?"

"Oh, thank you very much," returned Tilly delightedly. "It is very kind of you, and I hope they will let me go."

"They must let you go," he responded; "I will see to that. What do you do with yourself on Sunday, by the way? Besides going to church, I mean. Do you ever go to the Park?"

Now, Tilly longed to go to the Park, to see the fine people and the fine clothes, so often described by her cousins; but hitherto they had resolutely declined to take her. When she had a dress that was fit to be seen they had kindly promised to allow her to accompany them. The prospect seemed extremely remote. Tilly was indeed saving up to buy what Florrie called a "stylish frock"; but her earnings were small, and when she had paid her aunt for her board, and sent home the weekly postal order which was to help with the rent, only a very few coins remained to drop into the little tin money-box. Poor Mrs. House, struggling to keep her "long family" clothed and fed, had learned to count on the postal order;

moreover, she considered her daughter's wardrobe extremely well stocked. Had she not herself chosen and helped to prepare her outfit?

Mr. Brown repeated his question, and the girl answered hurriedly: "No I have never been to the Park yet."

"I suppose the Miss Finleys think 'Two is company and three is none,'" said he significantly.

As a matter of fact, Edith had, on one occasion, cited the proverb in question; Tilly laughed consciously.

"Well, then, why should not we go together?" he cried. "You meet me on Sunday at half-past twelve, just at the corner, here, and I will take you to see all the smart folks parading after church."

Tilly's face lit up and then fell. What would Mr. Brown say to her poor shabby Sunday dress, so countrified in cut, so plain as to material? And her hat—why, it was only a sailor-hat!

"I haven't," she stammered, "I haven't a very nice dress."

"You have a very nice face, though," laughed he. "People won't want to look very much at your dress, I fancy. Well, you'll bear it in mind; you'll meet me on Sunday at twelve-thirty, and you must manage to get a day off on Saturday week."

At this moment Florrie came bustling up to know if she wasn't ever coming. It was closing-time, or Tilly and Mr. Brown could not have conversed so long without interruption.

"I am just settling one or two little things with Miss House," remarked the young man. "I wanted to take her to a concert to-morrow, but she says she will be busy. However, you must let her off on Saturday week."

"Good gracious!" said Florrie, "I am sure you are welcome to take her out whenever you like, Mr. Brown—next Saturday and this Saturday too."

"Well, but you know, Florrie," put

in Tilly eagerly, "Aunt said she wanted me to cl——"

"I am sure my mother would not wish to interfere with any of your arrangements," she remarked frigidly. "I am sure she would rather you never helped her at all than that you went moaning and groaning about it to people, and pretending that you were ill-used."

"But I didn't, Florrie," her cousin was beginning indignantly, when Mr. Brown interposed:

"Let there be no unpleasantness, I beg," said he. "I waive my claim for to-morrow, but not for Saturday week. And on Sunday Miss House has promised to let me take her to the Park."

"Really?" exclaimed Miss Finley, in a tone which endeavored to combine amiability towards Mr. Brown with disapproval of Tilly's proceedings. "I generally go to the Park, too, on Sunday mornings—very likely I'll go with you."

"I think not," he replied coolly. "'Two's company and three's none,' you know!"

With an arch look at Tilly, he nodded and turned away.

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed Miss Finley, surveying her cousin with astonished disfavor, "you seem to be going pretty fast, miss!"

"Oh, don't be so cross, Florrie!" retorted Tilly, with spirit. "Why shouldn't I have a bit of fun as well as the rest of you? Edith often goes out walking with Mr. Snow, and you know, you yourself——" She stopped short, just in time, having been about to quote an unflattering remark of her cousin Bob's—if Florrie did not walk out with any young man, it was not, it would appear, according to him, from any lack of inclination.

"That is a very different matter," responded Miss Finley, with dignity, and ignoring the interrupted phrase.



"Edith is reg'larly engaged to Mr. Snow."

"I suppose," cried Tilly innocently, "she never saw anything of him before they was engaged?" And thereupon she laughed, and ran away.

That night, after much difficulty, she managed to shake out a few shillings from her little tin post-office, and on the following day expended them in purchasing a pair of new gloves, a lace collar, and some blue ribbon. The gloves were gray thread, of the same shade as her coat and skirt. When she had sewn the lace collar on the jacket she was quite pleased with its effect; it was a pity the skirt cocked up so much in front—and then, to make things worse, it dipped behind. Still, Mr. Brown had said no one would notice her dress, and if he did not mind Tilly felt that nothing else mattered. Her hat was the least satisfactory part of her attire, and for a moment she was tempted to borrow one from Edith, whom she thought the most good-natured of her cousins. Her own was a sailor-hat of the ordinary type, and even after she had removed the black ribbon and trimmed it with the blue, arranging the ends in a big bow in front, it betrayed its origin. Edith entered the room just as she was finishing, and was loud in condemnation.

"Such taste I never saw!" she exclaimed. "Why, the only bit of style there is about a sailor-hat is its plainness. My goodness! I never saw such an object. You are a nice figure to go out walking with gentlemen!"

At this Tilly altered her mind with regard to the good-natured qualities of her cousin, and resolved that she would die rather than be beholden to her.

Next day, in spite of Edith's strictures, it appeared to Tilly that her hat looked rather well. The color of the ribbon, in fact, accentuated the

blue of her eyes, and seemed to enhance the brightness of her hair. As for the "tailor-made," though it was badly cut, the tint was soft and pretty, and the face of the wearer was in truth so bright and blooming that few people would have cared to notice the deficiencies of her attire.

Mr. Brown kept his appointment very punctually, and Tilly scarcely knew whether to be more proud or shy as she walked away beside him. But what a world of wonder was that to which he soon introduced her!

Tilly was in doubt as to which to admire most—the beautiful dresses, or the beautiful ladies who wore them. There were a great many fine gentlemen, too; but, in her eyes, Mr. Brown himself looked quite as well as any of them. She was much struck with the blossoming shrubs, and the beautiful flowers, some of these even growing in the grass; and before they went home Mr. Brown took her down to the water, and showed her the swans, and the ducks, and all manner of curious little aquatic birds. He parted from her at her aunt's door, reminding her of her promise of going with him to the "Pop" on the following Saturday.

"And next Sunday we'll go out again, perhaps," he said, as he pressed her hand.

Tilly was very late for dinner, and was well scolded by her aunt in consequence, and a good deal jeered at by her cousins; but so well wrapped up was she in her new happiness that all shafts fell harmless.

"He's going to take me out again, next Sunday," she announced, with eyes shining above her pink cheeks.

"I wonder if that's right," said Mrs. Finley, laying down her knife and fork.

Florrie pursed up her lips and shook her head, and Edith, secure in the possession of her own admirer, remarked severely that it wasn't every man that was to be trusted. Only Bob, who

was a good-natured fellow in the main, and who was touched at Tilly's look of alarm, took her part.

"Nonsense, old lady! Brown's all right. Don't spoil sport."

Bob happened to be his mother's favorite, and she relaxed at this appeal; but deemed it her duty, not only to warn Tilly, herself, as to the necessity of being extremely prudent, but to drop a hint to Tilly's mother.

Mrs. House was less alarmed than might have been expected; according to country notions, there was nothing so very dreadful in the fact of a young man "walking out" with a young girl on Sundays, even without ulterior views; provided, of course, that the young man was respectable, and that they did not stay out after dark. She resolved to write to her daughter to insist on attention to these points, but as the last of the winter stock of pigs happened to be killed that week, and she was in consequence particularly busy, the letter was not written until Sunday, or posted till the following morning.

Meanwhile two more outings fell to Tilly's share—two afternoons of dream-like happiness. First came the concert. She and Mr. Brown proceeded to St. James's Hall on the top of a 'bus. Tilly had never enjoyed anything so much in her life as "that beautiful ride," as she termed it. It was a fine, bright May day; the streets were crowded with gaily dressed people, the shop-windows in themselves were sights to see. Tilly had not hitherto penetrated so far into the West-end, and her amazement and delight knew no bounds. She chattered ceaselessly all the way; Mr. Brown benevolently inclining his ear so as to catch what she said through the tumult of the streets.

Then, when they found themselves in the vast Hall, how Tilly's heart beat! What crowds and crowds of people were there, and what a big place it

was, and how expectant everyone looked. She felt almost as though she were in church.

It is doubtful how much she understood of the Beethoven Quartet, the Mozart Variations, or the Handel Fugue; all were equally beautiful in her opinion, and in any case the mere glory of sitting next to Mr. Brown, and being taken care of and patronized by him, was enough to uplift her to the seventh heaven.

It was over too soon, but they walked back all the way, Tilly leaning on Mr. Brown's arm, because, as he explained, he was thus enabled to look after her better at the crossings. He arranged to take her out on the following day at half-past two.

"Then you needn't worry about being late for dinner," he said. "I sha'n't take you to the fashionable end of the Park this time; I want to have you all to myself. We'll go to a quiet part of Kensington Gardens and sit under the trees."

Tilly agreed, with a beating heart. On reaching home she was a little more silent than on the previous Sunday, and had learnt sufficient worldly wisdom to keep back Mr. Brown's explanation as to why he had arranged to take her out in the afternoon, instead of before dinner.

She could hardly sleep that night, and was up at dawn, rushing to the window to see if it were fine. It would be too dreadful if it rained. The Fates were propitious—it was quite fine; a little dull to begin with, but, as the day advanced, the sun came out, and the sky was as blue as the skies of Dorset.

Tilly's eyes shone like stars as she descried Mr. Brown's fine, broad-shouldered figure coming jauntily down the street. She scarcely knew herself what a rapture of welcome was in her face; but he took note of it, and his voice was not quite so steady as usual as he greeted her. What a wonderful

thing it was to find herself walking over the grass with Mr. Brown, and presently sitting beside him under a big tree—a tree so big that when they had moved their chairs round to the farther side, its blackened trunk completely hid them from view. The leaves overhead were not yet fully expanded, and for that reason more delicately green. There was actually a thrush singing, for all the world as though it had been in the country, and pigeons were cooling somewhere in their near neighborhood.

Mr. Brown took out a cigarette and asked Tilly's permission to smoke, which she thought extremely kind and polite in him.

"Now you are to talk to me," he said. "I am going to smoke and enjoy myself, and you are to entertain me."

"What am I to talk about?" inquired she, a little alarmed.

"Oh, anything you like; it doesn't matter. Listen to that thrush there. We don't know what he is singing about, but we like to hear the sound of his voice. I like to hear the sound of *your* voice."

Tilly blushed, and said hurriedly: "You'd soon get to know what he was singing about if you lived in the country. There! the birds do talk as plain as Christians sometimes. There's a thrush what builds year after year in our garden. Soon as ever February comes he begins a-calling 'Judy! Judy!' and then he says, 'Kiss me quick!' 'Kiss me quick!' so then I know they'll soon be pairing."

"A very sensible bird," commented Mr. Brown, gazing at her between half-closed eyes. "He knows what he wants, doesn't he?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Tilly, rather hastily. "The robins, too—they have quite a different song when they are courting—quite soft and low, and down in their throats. There's lots of birds at our place."

She went on prattling about home, and her brothers and sisters, and the neighbors, and the big green fields that stretched down to the river, and the woods full of primroses and little daffodils and "enemies"; and how she and some of the other girls used to gather basketfuls of them.

Mr. Brown listened, and laughed, and helped her on by an occasional word, and said to himself that she had the prettiest and most innocent face in the world, and the sweetest voice.

"I don't much hold with picking blue-bells, though," proceeded Tilly. "They never look so pretty in a vase. I like to see them growing; they must be all blooming away beautiful down near us now"; and she heaved the ghost of a sigh.

"I'll take you to see them blooming next Saturday, if you like," said Mr. Brown. "I'll take you to Kew Gardens. There is a wood full of them there. It's no distance by train."

"By train?" she echoed, half in doubt, half in delight.

"Yes; it will be all right. I'll take you."

He threw away the last of a succession of cigarettes, and leaned forward, looking at her with a curious expression:

"Which have you enjoyed the most?" he inquired; "last Sunday or this one? I haven't done anything to amuse you to-day, have I? I was selfish, you see; I chose what *I* should enjoy most."

"I enjoyed it too," cried she; "I enjoyed it much more than last Sunday."

"What, sitting under a tree?" cried he. "Why, you could do that in Dorsetshire."

"Ah, but—" she was beginning eagerly, but broke off, stammering.

"If you liked it," said he, in a low voice, "I think it must be because you like me a little. Do you like me, Tilly?"

If ever a pair of blue eyes expressed guileless and unmistakable adoration,

those eyes were Tilly's. She was not in the least aware of how much more they said than that faltering tongue of hers, which made several abortive attempts to speak. Mr. Brown's own eyes looked very kind as their gaze met, but he did not press Tilly further, merely observing presently, in a gay tone, that he was glad the experiment had been so successful, and that they must often repeat it.

Tilly laughed aloud when her mother's letter arrived; if she only knew! She wrote a reply couched in mysterious terms, describing Mr. Brown's person and position with enthusiasm, gratefully relating his various acts of kindness to her, hinting that she could not help seeing it was "rather particular," and holding out hopes of communicating a great piece of news before long.

How the days crawled that week, and how often Tilly's little wits went wool-gathering! If Mr. Brown had not been at hand to advise and help her she might possibly have got into trouble. But he, of all people, could not fail to be tolerant of errors which arose from the delirious prospect of that afternoon at Kew Gardens.

"I can't help thinking of Saturday," she whispered on one occasion when her farthings had gone all wrong.

"I am always thinking of it, too," said he.

Tilly could hardly credit it. That he—that *Mr. Brown*, whom everyone thought so highly of, should be almost as much excited as herself. That he should care for her like that; for her, Tilly, whom everyone said was so stupid and so countrified. The glory and wonder of it turned her dizzy.

Her happiness had been advancing *in crescendo* from week to week, and on the particular Saturday that she and Mr. Brown betook themselves to Kew Gardens it reached its culminating-point. She could not conceive a higher

pinnacle of bliss than that to which she was then uplifted. The weather was perfect; indeed, she seemed to exercise a beneficent influence, so Mr. Brown declared, over it; on each occasion that he had taken her out there were blue skies and sunshine. Then the flowers, and the beautiful smooth lawns, and the trees, and, best of all, the bluebell wood. It might have been a country wood, only it was twenty times handsomer, Tilly said.

They found a bench in a retired spot, well sheltered from the breeze, whence they could gaze their fill on the drift of blue stretching away beneath the trees, shining with a kind of silvery radiance where the sun filtered through, taking wonderful tints of lilac, and slate gray, and ultramarine in the shadows. Mr. Brown's arm rested on the back of the bench immediately behind Tilly, his eyes looked down at her very tenderly whenever she ventured to raise her own; she was too happy to speak much, and he, too, was at first so silent that it made her feel shy.

All at once a thrush began to sing, and Mr. Brown, after listening for a moment or two, laughed under his breath.

"You are wrong in one thing," said he; "he is not calling *Judy*! It sounds much more like *Tilly*! Yes—listen to him! he is certainly calling *Tilly*! *Tilly*! . . . You were right about the rest though; he *is* saying *Kiss me quick! Kiss me quick!*"

Tilly gazed steadfastly on the path, making little designs on the gravel with the point of her shoe. Mr. Brown bent towards her, and the hand which had rested upon the bench was suddenly laid lightly on her shoulder.

"Tilly, Tilly," he said, "can you not fancy for a moment that I am a thrush?"

Tilly raised her eyes, full of that innocent worship of which she herself

was unconscious, but which he ever found intoxicating; no one can tell what might have happened in another moment had not the sound of rapidly advancing footsteps suddenly made them start apart.

There is presumably a fate about such things. Tilly subsequently thought it was perhaps a kind fate which brought about the interruption at this particular moment—an interruption, as it soon transpired, caused by acquaintances of Mr. Brown's. The couple who now came in view proved to be the Chief Cashier of "the Establishment," and "Madame," head of the millinery department. Mr. Brown rose as they approached, and stepped forward to greet them; Tilly, whose social status was much too insignificant to have ever brought her into contact with these important people, sat still in her corner of the bench, with her head drooping, so that the palpably home-made blue bow of the despised sailor-hat was well in evidence. Perhaps it was the contempt naturally evoked by the blue bow, or perhaps it was the recollection of sundry attentions on the part of Mr. Brown in by-gone days, which caused Madame to address him in so sarcastic a tone:

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Brown? I am afraid we have been indiscreet! Really, it's so difficult to know with you when *not* to appear at the wrong moment. Who would have expected to meet you here? I suppose you thought it nice and safe."

"Bless you, no," interrupted the Chief Cashier, before Mr. Brown could reply. "He is doing it on the square this time—it's been going on openly, I hear—a regular case—serious, isn't it, Brown? Ha-ha, the old bird is caught at last!"

"Not really?" exclaimed Madame. And, turning, she swept a glance over Tilly from the top of the objectionable bow to the toe of her little country

shoe. "Not really?" she repeated in a tone of mingled disgust and amusement.

"Come, I am not going to be brought to book like this," returned Mr. Brown, with rather a forced laugh. "I don't ask you why you are walking here with Mr. Phillips."

"Oh, you may ask if you like," retorted she. "Mr. Phillips and I are walking here because we are going to be married very shortly, and want to talk over our plans. I can hardly believe that your reason is the same."

Once more the disdainful glance covered the shabby little figure on the bench. But Tilly had raised her head now, and was gazing steadfastly at Mr. Brown. Surely he would speak out like a man, and say that the reason *was* the same, and that they, too, were to be married very shortly. What else could he say? Had he not asked her if she liked him? Was it not almost settled a few moments ago? But, even as she gazed, the man looked back at her sharply, almost angrily; yet when he spoke, he laughed:

"Miss House and I are not so foolish as to imagine we can't make an expedition together, without thinking of such serious matters," he returned. "We are both too much up-to-date for that sort of thing. We have come out to amuse ourselves, haven't we, Miss House?"

"Of course," answered Tilly, with a brave attempt at a laugh. There was an immense lump in her throat, but she managed to bring out the words quite clearly, and the laugh was a very creditable imitation.

"Well, that's one way of looking at things," said Madame; and the Chief Cashier raised his eyebrows and laughed too; and then they both walked on, and Mr. Brown came back to the bench.

"What stupid people!" he remarked. "They might have had more sense than



to interrupt us like that. What were we talking about?"

He was trying to speak pleasantly, but did not seem at ease. Tilly sat with her eyes cast down, and her hands tightly squeezed together; she was praying inwardly with all her strength that she might not break down. She must not let him think she cared; she must not cry, whatever happened. Surely God would not let her disgrace herself by crying!

"What were we talking about?" repeated Mr. Brown. "Something very interesting, I know."

He was bending forward again, and his hand was creeping along the back of the bench. Tilly moved away sharply, and turned her blue eyes upon him, all ablaze with indignation. He withdrew his arm with a discomfited air.

"Come, you are not going to turn out a prude at this time of day?"

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Tilly, finding her voice all at once; "but I never was one as—as liked making free."

Her cheeks were flaming, but she had never looked so pretty in her life.

"Now you are angry with me," said he, really moved.

"Angry? Not at all!" quoth she; and then she jumped up. "I am getting rather chilly, though. Sha'n't we go on and see the rest of the place? I want to see the inside of those glass-houses."

"It's so hot in there," murmured he.

"Well, you can stay outside," she returned.

Mr. Brown gazed at her in amazement, which increased as they set off towards the greenhouses. Tilly walked a little in front of him, steadily refusing to take his arm.

"There are no crossings here, you know," she said, with a laugh that sounded quite genuine.

"Who would have thought the girl had such pluck?" said Mr. Brown to

himself. Or was she trying to pay him out? Two could play at that game. So, when Tilly made polite, curt remarks about the weather, he responded in the same tone; and when she again proposed that he should remain outside while she inspected the greenhouses, he replied that he *was* rather tempted to have a smoke. Tilly went in alone, and wandered among the exotics with a bursting heart; and he lounged about and smoked moodily, and vowed to himself that the little chit was not worth worrying about.

When she came out she asked if it was not time to think of going home, and he assented promptly; and when they parted at her aunt's door, nothing was said about meeting on the morrow.

"It's all over," thought Tilly; "all over! I was a fool to trust him. The others were right; but I sha'n't tell them they were."

Therefore, when her cousins rallied her on her weary look and want of appetite, she would own to nothing more than a bit of a headache.

"It's those hothouses, I think," said she. "Dear! it was hot in there! And then we walked about such a lot. We *did* walk!"

"Think of that!" remarked Bob jocosely. "I dare say you will be too tired to go out with Mr. Brown tomorrow."

"I dare say I shall," returned Tilly, to everyone's immense surprise; and then she went up to her room. How she longed to indulge in a good cry! Those choked-back tears seemed to be suffocating her; but she would not go to bed a moment before her customary time; she would do nothing to excite remark.

"I don't want them crowing over me and saying they told me how 'twould be," thought she; and she took off her hat and jacket, and smoothed her hair and brought down a bit of sewing. When at last she went up to

bed, and was free to weep, behold, no tears came! As she unfastened her waistband a little nosegay dropped out, which Mr. Brown had given her, and when she picked it up the faint smell of the dying flowers turned her sick. She threw them away from her and fell sideways against the bed, an almost unbearable sense of love and longing overwhelming her.

"Oh, my God!" cried poor Tilly, as she buried her face in her hands.

Not one wink of sleep did she have that night, and in the morning, long before her cousins were astir, she got up and wrote to her mother.

"I find I made a mistake," said she; "I sha'n't have any news to tell you. It was all a bit of nonsense. I believe London gentlemen are like that. You may be sure I won't get taken in again. But, dear Mother, I should so like to come home, I don't like London. I wouldn't mind what I did at home. I could easy earn a bit some other way."

"Gracious, child!" exclaimed her aunt, as she came downstairs, "you are a sight this morning! You look as if you had been up all night."

"I was too tired to sleep, I think," returned Tilly, with that new artificial little laugh of hers.

In spite of her valiant efforts to eat her breakfast as usual, she could not manage it; the food was like sawdust in her mouth.

"Too tired to eat too, eh?" queried Bob.

She made no answer, and feigned not to notice the nods and winks, and whisperings, which passed from one member of the family to another.

How she got through the day she scarcely knew; she went to church twice, and passed the hours between in her own room, thinking over and over the events of yesterday, until her brain seemed on fire. She could not bear to dwell on the blissful hour which

had passed before the interruption came; she thanked Heaven for the interruption—so she told herself fiercely, several times. If those people had not come up just then she would have gone on believing in Mr. Brown, and loving him, like the fool that she was. She might even have owned her love—she had nearly done so more than once; she might actually have permitted that kiss for which he had been petitioning when his friends appeared. Her cheeks burnt at the recollection. How could she guess that he was simply playing with her, laughing in his sleeve at her foolish confidence?

Her heart beat with suffocating quickness when, as she took her place behind the counter on the following morning, Mr. Brown walked past her.

"Good morning," he said coldly, and then, half-wheeling round, as though struck by a sudden thought: "I hope you are not tired after the expedition on Saturday?"

"I was rather tired," returned she. And he walked on.

"That settles it," she said to herself; even the pretence of friendship was to be at an end.

Well, he would not need to give the hint to her twice. She, too, would treat him with common civility, and no more.

As time went on Tilly grew pale and silent, and Mr. Brown's friends voted him morose and disagreeable.

One day, when the facetious Miss Gunne happened to be rallying him on this point, Florrie chimed in:

"Don't you bother Mr. Brown. Tilly and he have had a quarrel—that's what's the matter."

"Nonsense!" cried Tilly, with a flaming face.

"Well, why don't you eat, pray? And why have you never a word to throw at one? And why do you go tossing about at night, instead of sleeping? I can hear your bed creaking through the wall."

"I suppose everybody has toothache sometimes," responded Tilly, moving away towards the end of the counter, where she became very busy with some pieces of lace.

"I should have said heartache was more likely," said Miss Gunne, with a giggle. "We all know your little ways, Mr. Brown. It wasn't fair to try them on with her, though—she wasn't up to you."

"But that doesn't explain why Mr. Brown is so glum," cried Florrie. "I really believe he *has* been hit this time, and that they have quarrelled, as I say."

"Nothing of the kind," returned Mr. Brown; "Miss House and I have always been the best of friends."

Tilly did not raise her head, but he saw her lip give a little quiver, and felt a sudden pang. Two or three times, as he moved about, he stole a glance at her. She had certainly grown paler, and the lines of her face were sharper. He thought of Florrie's speech, and then he thought of the quivering lip, and each time with a contraction of the heart. Towards evening he found a chance of speaking to her alone, and came up to her, actuated by he knew not what irresistible impulse.

"Tilly, do you still bear malice? Are we never to be real friends again?"

She looked back at him steadily and scornfully. "Never, if I can help it," she said, and turned away.

"Oh, very well," retorted Mr. Brown, assuming a jaunty air. It's quite right. One just likes to know how one stands."

Next day all his good humor appeared to be restored; he was amiability itself to the various young ladies who approached him; smiled, and cracked small jokes, as he signed their books, and made himself altogether extremely agreeable. It was noticed that he was particularly attentive to a new comer,

a pretty brunette, with lively manners and a villainous cockney accent. As the days passed he became more and more devoted to her, and, as she happened to belong to the same department as Tilly, the growing attachment was forced upon her notice. The poor child was under torture. Though she might tell herself fifty times a day that she hated Mr. Brown, that she had done with him, and that it did not matter to her whom he took up with, she knew in her heart that she lied. It was agony to see the glance that passed her by so indifferently, rest tenderly upon the pretty girl a yard away; to intercept fragments of conversation, which hinted at private jokes, repeated meetings, projects for the future. It was galling beyond words to overhear her neighbors' comments, and to guess at their curiosity with regard to her feelings.

"Didn't I say it was always a case of new brooms with him?" remarked Miss Gunne to Florrie one day; and Tilly felt the significant glances which they exchanged behind her back. She, too, had been a new broom in her day; taken up and played with, and then tossed away into the dust.

She looked forward feverishly to her mother's letter, hoping it would give her permission to leave London and return home; but Mrs. House being, as usual, busy, delayed to write for some time.

At last, however, the answer came. Tilly was scolded for being foolish, advised to be more careful in future, and desired to stick to her work, and not allow her mother to hear any more nonsense about giving up her good situation.

Tilly felt sick at heart; how was she to go on with this hateful life? How was she to bear meeting that man day after day, hearing his voice, his step, intercepting his smiles, gay and tender, but never meant for her.

She dragged herself slowly to her post, feeling more weary even than usual. A strange sense of dizziness and heaviness was upon her, which she strove in vain to shake off; voices and footsteps appeared to come from a long distance, and she heard, as in a dream, Mr. Brown and his new charmer talking confidentially together.

All at once a phrase of his pierced through this nightmare-like oppression, and stabbed her to the heart.

"Shall it be Kew, this time?"

"Kew!"

Something seemed to snap in Tilly's brain; she fell sideways against her neighbor, and slipped past her to the ground.

"Hallo! what's the matter?" cried Florrie. "She is in a dead faint, I believe."

The girls came crowding up, but before any of them could raise her, Mr. Brown did what he had never done before in his life—he jumped over the counter.

"Don't touch her," he cried hoarsely, "don't touch her anybody. Leave her to me!"

In a moment he had lifted her, her head falling back over his arm, the pretty loosened hair flowing over his sleeve. His heart stood still. She looked as if she were dead. If she should be dead—if Tilly should be dead!

Scarcely knowing what he did, he hurried with her to the back of the shop and down a passage, followed by several of the girls, and presently encountered Madame of the millinery department.

"What's this? A faint? Here—take her in here and let her get the air."

She threw open the door of a small room filled with packing-cases and bandboxes, and flung open the window. One glance from Tilly's waxen face to Mr. Brown's distracted one revealed the state of affairs.

"Now, all you girls, bundle out," she

cried imperatively; "there's no use in your crowding round. She wants all the air she can get; leave her to me."

"Come along, Mr. Brown," said someone, officiously.

"No; Mr. Brown had better stay in case I want anything."

She closed the door, and came back to his side. "Lay her down flat on the ground, Mr. Brown—quite flat. You needn't be in such a state of mind—girls often faint. This is the girl who was with you at Kew Gardens, isn't it? You pretended there was nothing serious. Why didn't you own up like a man?"

"Because I was a lying sneak, I suppose," returned he.

"What language! This is the future Mrs. Brown, though, isn't it?"

"If she will have me," groaned he miserably. "If she lives," he added, catching his breath; "she doesn't seem to be coming round a bit."

Madame loosened the girl's collar, and the sweet, youthful curves of chin and throat lay revealed, chiselled as though in marble. As she lay there, helpless, on the dusty floor, she looked pathetic enough to touch a harder heart than Madame's.

"I wish she'd come round," she murmured anxiously. "Open the window a bit wider; pick up that bottle of salts I dropped. Now, look here, just slap the inside of that hand near you, smartly, as I am doing to this one."

Mr. Brown knelt down in the dust again, and lifted Tilly's inert hand; then he looked up reproachfully.

"I couldn't do it," he said; "I couldn't slap her dear little hand!"

"You could only break her dear little heart, eh?" remarked Madame.

"Oh, don't!" he cried. "People die of broken hearts sometimes, don't they? I believe she is dead—I believe I have killed her. I'll go and hang myself!"

"Nonsense, nonsense!" returned Madame, good-naturedly; "she's coming

to, all right. See, her eyelids are quivering. Let us try the salts again. That's enough"—as Tilly heaved a little sigh. "Now I am going to leave her to you, Mr. Brown. Keep your wits about you, and tell her a few of the things you have been telling me. They will do her more good than the smelling-salts."

Tilly's eyes opened vacantly at first, then glanced wonderingly round—then, when she discovered that her head was resting on Mr. Brown's arm, and that he was bending over her, a look of pain and terror came into them.

"Oh, Tilly, Tilly!" he murmured in a choked voice. "I am so sorry."

Tilly's white lips moved with difficulty, and she made an effort to raise herself.

"I don't want your pity," she said faintly. "Let me go!"

He helped her to sit up, and then withdrew his arm; but remained kneeling beside her, amid the dusty band-boxes.

"It isn't pity," he said, "it's love."

*Longman's Magazine.*

I have loved you all the time, Tilly, though I have been such a coward and such a fool. I thought I could do without you, but I can't. I have been nearly mad all this time. Oh, darling Tilly, do forgive me, and say you will be my little wife."

He tried to take her hand, but she drew it away, looking at him with dilated eyes.

"You've been—terrible cruel!" she said.

"I have been a brute beast," cried he, with sudden despair. "I see it's all over—you can't love me any more—you can't bring yourself to forgive me. Well, it serves me right—it is my own fault that you have left off caring for me."

"I—didn't say that!" faltered Tilly. "I don't believe I ever could," she added, with a sob that shook her from head to foot.

And then, being still very weak, she swayed a little, and Mr. Brown caught her in his arms.

*M. E. Francis.*

## M. COMBES AT AUXERRE.

The prospect of Disestablishment in France—that is, of the greatest social change which has been proposed since the fall of Napoleon—has drawn perceptibly nearer. The great speech delivered by M. Combes at Auxerre was by far the most formidable assault yet directed against the Church considered as a part of the State organization, and that for a reason which has in this country almost escaped attention. Many consider that it breathes a deadly hatred to the Church, and many more that it shows M. Combes to be slowly weakening in his policy, and becoming afraid of the resistance, the strength of

which he is already able to perceive. We cannot accept either of those views. To us the speech seems penetrated with a spirit of resolute moderation which is unusual in France, and which will unite all opponents of the Establishment into one compact, and probably irresistible, body. Personally, M. Combes is undoubtedly devoted to laicism, which in this very speech he speaks of as a sort of religion whose "doctrines" are incompatible with those of the Church; and he has been convinced by the recent departmental elections—which, he says, have "paralyzed" the Opposition—that the vast



majority of French electors, who are also the French people, share his convictions and approve his course. He speaks out, therefore, with a clearness which even in France has been unusual with statesmen. It is time, he says, "to put an end to the Ultramontane pretensions which have lasted for so many centuries,"—in fact, ever since Charlemagne paid for the revival of the Western Empire by implicitly acknowledging that only a Pope could consecrate an Emperor, and granting him in payment for the recognition of himself in that capacity a territorial dominion to be held in sovereignty. It was useless to talk to M. Combes of the French protectorate over all Christians in the East. He repudiated even its traditionary basis. "We have," he said, "no longer the slightest pretension to the title of Eldest Daughter of the Church." The Republic, in fact, he practically says, has broken with the traditions of the Monarchy in the religious as in the social area, and is ready to give up glories which have appealed for ages to the national imagination if only it may be rid of the control of the "universal Church." That phrase about the "Eldest Daughter" may always have had in it, like so many patriotic phrases, a trace of unreality; but it has been a source of pride to great castes of Frenchmen for a thousand years, and the Republic, through M. Combes, pronounces it to be a pure illusion. M. Combes knows history and knows Frenchmen, and he must when he uttered that sentence have been very sure of the governing feeling among the majority of those who vote.

He probably judges the electors rightly—those electors who, as we have so often pointed out, have since 1870 always supported anti-Clerical legislation—but he has still many difficulties to face, and it is in the way in which he has faced them that, in our eyes,

the force of his speech, and of the commentary on it uttered by himself to a representative of the *Matin*, consists. The supporters behind him, though ready to follow him in his anti-Clerical legislation, are upon certain points which that legislation will affect by no means unanimous. Great numbers, particularly of the cultivated Liberals, wince at the idea of laicising grand buildings like the Cathedrals, the very meaning of which is that they were erected for purposes which, as is clear to every eye, are not lay. Those high towers and spires, and those glades of masonry, are ecclesiastical in their very conception; you cannot take the soul out of them without destroying not only their meaning, but something of their beauty and grandeur too. They were not built to be museums, and as museums they will offend both the artist and the utilitarian. Many more, probably a third of the Liberals in France, dread the reaction which may follow the laicising of the village churches, and the crushing demands for money to replace them which must immediately fall upon the "faithful," a body which, recollect, probably includes two-thirds of the women of France. And another large section of the electors will pity the country clergy, the worthy men who for wretched stipends have for nearly a century performed the offices of the Church; have baptized, married, and buried them; have arbitrated in their village quarrels, and have been ready at all times with secular as well as religious advice. The agnosticism of the majority in France has had, it should be remembered, this effect among others, that it has turned upon every curé hundreds of potentially hostile eyes; and that the curé, aware of those eyes, has in the great majority of cases walked straight. The clergy of France are good folk. The electors like neither the idea of flinging them into the streets; nor that of

providing for them out of their own pockets. "Therefore," says in effect M. Combes, "there are no reasonable concessions which I am not, as regards pensions, ready to make," the "reasonable concession" which finds most favor with him, it is said, being the continuance of the entire stipend during the lifetime of its present possessor. He will also propose to leave the churches as buildings with the ecclesiastics, and in every other respect to make the rupture, not a violent result of quarrel, but—the words are his own—"a rational, decent, and courteous divorce," which, as M. Combes doubtless remembered, does not, except in one case, preclude the possibility of reunion. There must, of course, be no fresh marriage.

There will be no such marriage. Nothing to Englishmen and Americans is more amazing in all the progress of this great controversy than the total absence in it of anything like a wish for religious change. Of all the millions who, as the votes prove, must dislike the French Church as it now exists, not fifty persons affirm any wish that its doctrines should be altered. The electors may be agnostics, but if they wish any religion at all to be taught, it is the Roman Catholic. There is no sign that France is becoming Protestant, or even Neo-Catholic. Of the intense anti-Papal feeling which marked the English Reformation there is hardly a trace, for even M. Combes, bitter as he is in regard to the interference of the Vatican in civil concerns, utters no malediction on its inter-

ference in strictly religious affairs, and perhaps never in his life considered that Christianity could be other than Roman Catholic. The Vatican, it is said, dreads the rise of a Gallican Church—and of course when a Church is free a new discipline may grow up in it as well as new heresies—but there is no sign of any such process going on now. Not a Bishop has declared himself on the side of an independent Church for France, nor has any one of the episcopal body expressed the smallest hope that any section of the people will cease to pay obedience to the "Vicar of Christ." Indeed, one current objection to the separation of Church and State is that the Popes will be able when it has once occurred to fill the Sees with Bishops of the most pronounced Ultramontane type, and perhaps to draw from the principles of liberty the deduction that they may reintroduce into France all the monastic Orders they please. The two great rival "doctrines," as M. Combes calls them—belief in the Papacy, and belief in the civil power—will to all appearance remain supreme with the masses of the French people; and it is pretty clear that the Vatican, though terribly angry because it is defied, still hopes that the cataclysm will leave its own philosophy the stronger of the two. It may, for the civil power, however purified or however benevolent, cannot teach any man anything of the Whence and Whither, which in all lands, except, perhaps, modern Japan, and in all centuries he has most desired to know.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES.

The cry of the Little Peoples went up to God in vain;  
The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane.  
We ask but a little portion of the green and ancient Earth;  
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.  
We ask not coaling stations, nor ports in the China seas;  
We leave to the big child nations such rivalries as these.  
We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three things of worth;  
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

Oh, leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,  
A little grass and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree.  
Oh, leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,  
To drive our mills and to carry our wood and to ripple by.  
Once long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame,  
We filled all the shaking world with the sound of our name;  
But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done,  
Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of the sun.

And what shall you gain if you take us, and bind us and beat us with thongs,  
And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our sad little songs?  
Forbid us the use of our heart's own nursery tongue;  
Is this to be strong, you nations; is this to be strong?  
Your vulgar battles to fight and your shopman conquests to keep;  
For this shall we break our hearts, for this shall our old men weep?  
What gain in the day of battle, to the Russ, to the German, what gain  
The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane?

The cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain,  
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain.  
The hand that would bless us is weak, and the hand that would break  
us is strong;  
And the power of pity is naught but the power of a song.  
The dreams that our fathers dreamed to-day are laughter and dust,  
And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust.  
Let us hope no more, or dream, or prophesy, or pray;  
For the iron world no less will crash on its iron way.  
And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless, pitying eye,  
The kind old aims for the world and the kind old fashions die.

*London Chronicle.*

*Richard Le Gallienne.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Sidney Lee denies the widely-circulated statement that he is engaged in writing a life of George Eliot, and expresses a not unnatural curiosity as to how such a report found currency.

The Macmillans are soon to publish Alfred Austin's "The Poet's Diary: Edited by Lamia" which has been published serially without the acknowledgment of authorship, which, however, was an open secret.

Certain hitherto unpublished letters concerning Napoleon at St. Helena, which have found newspaper publication recently on both sides of the Atlantic, are to form a part of Mr. Clement Shorter's forthcoming book "The Six Years' Exile."

Mr. Henry Newbolt has withdrawn from the editorship of the *Monthly Review*, which he has conducted since the first number, but he will retain his other relations with the Murray house. Mr. Charles Hanbury-Williams will succeed Mr. Newbolt in his editorial work.

Madame Matilde Serao has written an account of her experiences during a journey through the Holy Land, which Mr. Heinemann will issue this month under the title of "The Country of Jesus." Another travel-book to come from the same publisher is from the pen of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, who gives his impressions of Andalusia under the title of "The Land of the Blessed Virgin."

"My Memory of Gladstone," by Dr. Goldwin Smith, has been published in

London. To a certain degree Mr. Goldwin Smith's contribution to Gladstone biography may be regarded as supplementary to Mr. Morley's "Life." Though for the most part in accordance with Mr. Morley, there is a difference chiefly in regard to that part of Gladstone's career comprised in the last of Mr. Morley's three volumes, recounting Gladstone's conduct of the Irish question. Mr. Goldwin Smith comments also on Gladstone's literary work.

To their attractive "Gladstone Edition" of the poets, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. add *The Complete Poetical Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. This volume follows the authorized version, edited by the poet's brother, William M. Rossetti, and contains his biographical preface and editorial annotations. The American reader is thus put in possession for the first time of an edition of Rossetti which is complete, satisfactory from the critical point of view, moderate in price and attractive in form. It may easily happen that the publication of this edition may lead many American readers to form the acquaintance of one of the most subtle and delicately imaginative poets of the Victorian era.

The death is announced of Dr. Samuel Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, in his eighty-fifth year. The *Athenæum* describes him as a genial figure. He had a varied reputation as a capable preacher, a man of humor, and an authority on roses. He was for many years at once vicar and squire of Caunton, and it was here that he established himself as a great rose cultivator, writing in 1869 the "Book about

Roses," which has passed through at least fifteen editions. His "Book about the Garden" (1892) also had a big sale. As early as 1858 he had the advantage of Leech's illustrations for "A Little Tour in Ireland," and he was at one time a contributor to *Punch*. His various volumes of reminiscences, "Memories" (1892), "More Memories" (1894), and "Then and Now" (1901), are stores of good stories. Appointed in 1887 to Rochester, he improved both the fabric and the services of the cathedral.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., in response to a general demand, have published a new edition in a single volume of Edward Kirk Rawson's *Twenty Famous Naval Battles*. The compression has been brought about not by any abridgment, but by the use of slightly thinner paper. The edition contains all the text and all the illustrative material of the original. The author is the superintendent of naval war records of the United States Navy and he has made a painstaking study of all accounts of naval warfare, "from Salamis to Santiago" as the sub-title suggests. In a later edition, doubtless, after the smoke of Japanese and Russian guns has cleared away, he will add to the list of his battles some of those that have taken place in the present war in the Far East; but in the meantime the present volume affords an opportunity to compare the methods and achievements of sea fighting from the earliest times to the present.

Writing somewhat critically of a recent article by E. Mankivell on "Tennyson's English Insularity" the Academy remarks:

The writer fails to understand that Tennyson's greatness lay to a great extent in this very insularity of his. He sent forth no new message into the world, but he did, in felicitous and often inspired language, paint for us the quiet English countryside. To

quote from this notice: "He is in his element in 'ordered gardens great,' peaceful, stately, and delightfully English—quite after his own heart. He loved his flat, uninteresting East country, too, with its 'level waste' and 'rounding gray,' while the 'misty marches and illimitable reeds' had for him all the charm of home"—though there are a many of us who know that the East country is far from uninteresting and full of charm; indeed, is Nature ever uninteresting? Should we not be thankful that Tennyson realized his limitations? Should we not, in fact, be grateful for these limitations, which led him to paint such perfect English landscapes?

To their charming series which bears the general title "Our European Neighbors," G. P. Putnam's Sons have added a volume on *Belgian Life in Town and Country* by Demetrius C. Boulger. Mr. Boulger's name is not unfamiliar to the readers of the *Living Age*, who have enjoyed his articles on public affairs and international politics. In the present volume he gives us that admixture of solid information with gossip and vivid description which makes a volume of this type at once profitable and entertaining. Mr. Boulger writes of Belgian life of to-day from an intimate personal knowledge and with unflinching good humor and intelligence; and there is enough of history and of political and economic institutions to give his book perspective and proportion. There are a number of illustrations. The Putnams take this opportunity to present a new edition of the volume on *Russian Life in Town and Country*, which Mr. Francis H. E. Palmer wrote for the same series. This also is the fruit of personal observation and study. It is of modest proportions but comprehensive in scope, and it is particularly timely now when acute observers are beginning to realize that the future of Russia depends quite as much upon the working out of internal problems as upon the fortunes or misfortunes of war.



## TWO HOMES.

My home was in the Island that we  
 love,  
 Set in the seas.  
 The heaven alternate smiles and frowns  
 above;  
 The stately trees  
 Beset the hedgerows, and the fields are  
 gay  
 With blossom-store;  
 While still the gray sea washes, night  
 and day,  
 The white-cliffed shore.

My home is in the solemn, wide Karoo,  
 The boundless veld,  
 Spanned o'er with infinite dome of  
 stainless blue.  
 Here have I dwelt  
 Until the giant hills, the arid plain  
 Of sand and stone,  
 The thorny bush, athirst for tarrying  
 rain,  
 Are homelike grown.

Sometimes my heart looks back, and  
 yearning cries  
 To seek once more  
 The fragrant hedgerows and the chang-  
 ing skies,  
 The lanes of yore.  
 And then the wide, wide veld, far-  
 stretched below  
 The high, blue dome,  
 Holds me with mighty arms, and whis-  
 pers, "Lo!  
 I am thy home."

*Anna Howarth.*  
*Boesmoo, Kleinpoort, Cape Colony.*  
*The Spectator.*

## REGALIA.

Jewels set in a crown  
 Encircling the brows of queen or king  
 (Ruby and diamond),  
 Does it seem to you a pitiful thing  
 When the heads that wore you high,  
 from the throne  
 Each in turn, to the dust go down?  
 Does the vanity move your heart of  
 Sapphire and emerald?  
 stone,

Silver and burnished gold  
 Wrought with gems for a prince's  
 feast—  
 (Turquoise and amethyst)—  
 Heaped with dainties from West and  
 East,  
 Do your gleaming bowls, with mock-  
 ing mirth  
 (While the feasters change and the  
 world grows old)  
 Mirror the fleeting pomps of earth,  
 O regal silver and gold?

Silver and gems and gold,  
 Are you proud, perchance, of your  
 longer range?  
 (Sapphire and diamond)  
 Do you scorn the creatures of death  
 and change?  
 Yet, maybe, theirs is the better part,—  
 To sink to sleep ere time grows old:  
 Dwells weariness in your stony heart,  
 O ruby and emerald?

*C. Jelf-Sharp.*

*Pall Mall Magazine.*

## EV'N IN THE GRAVE.

I laid my inventory at the hand  
 Of Death, who in his gloomy arbor  
 sate;  
 And while he conned it, sweet and  
 desolate  
 I heard Love singing in that quiet land.  
 He read the record even to the end—  
 The heedless, livelong injuries of  
 Fate,  
 The burden of fear, the burden of  
 love and hate,  
 The wounds of foe, the bitter wounds  
 of friend:  
 All, all he read, ay, ev'n the indif-  
 erence,  
 The vain talk, valner silence, hope,  
 and dream:  
 He questioned me: "What seek'st thou  
 then instead?"  
 I bowed my face in the pale evening  
 gleam:  
 Then gazed he on me with strange in-  
 nocence,  
 "Ev'n in the grave thou'lt have thy-  
 self," he said.

*Walter J. De la Mare.*  
*The Monthly Review*